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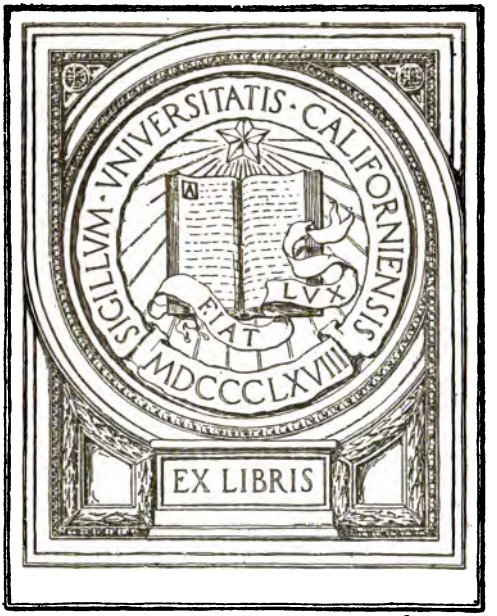
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ALFONSO,

KING OF CASTILE:

A TRAGEDY,

IN

FIVE ACTS.

By M. G. LEWIS.

For us and for our Tragedy,
Thus stooping to your clemency,
We beg your *candid* hearing patiently.

HAMLET.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD-STREET,

BY WILKS AND TAYLOR, CHANCERY-LANE.

1801.

Price 2s. 6d.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PREFACE.

I HAVE already been aſked ſo often, why, contrary to the uſual cuſtom, I publiſh this Tragedy previous to its performance, that I think it as well to publiſh alſo my reaſons.

In the firſt place, when my Drama of "Adelmorn the Outlaw" was played at Drury-Lane, ſo many wilful miſrepreſentations of it were made between the periods of its being performed, and of its being printed, that I reſolved in future to take this method of depriving my cenſurers of the plea of *involuntary miſtaking*. I print my Play for the ſame purpoſe, that advertiſements are ſometimes inſerted in the Gazette—"In order that none may *pretend* ignorance."—To the aſſertion, that my Play is *ſtupid*, I have nothing to object; if it be found ſo, even let it ſo be ſaid: but if (as was moſt *falſely* aſſerted of Adelmorn) any anonymous writer ſhould advance that this Tragedy is *immoral*, I expect him to prove his aſſertion by quoting the objectionable paſſages. This I demand as an act of *juſtice*: as a matter of *favour* perhaps I might requeſt my cenſurers to ſpeak of my Play as it is, and

"Nothing extenuate,
Nor aught ſet down in malice."

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But this is a requeſt which experience forbids my making, knowing perfectly well that it would not be complied with.—In ſaying this, I muſt beg to be underſtood as alluding only to prejudiced individuals, not as meaning to expreſs any diſſatisfaction reſpecting the public in general. On the contrary, the reception of my productions has been always *equal*, ſometimes far *ſuperior*, to the merits of ſuch trifles.

In the ſecond place, I publiſh my Play previous to its repreſentation, becauſe I have very great doubts, whether even an *excellent* Tragedy, if written in blank verſe, would ſucceed on the Stage at preſent: of courſe I do not flatter myſelf that mine will; and, after the cold reception of *De Montfort*, I am not vain enough to expect that *Alfonſo* will meet with a kind one. I therefore rather wiſh this production to be conſidered as a dramatic poem, or (if that be too lofty a character for it) as a ſhort novel in dialogue, divided into acts, inſtead of chapters. In writing it, I have ſpared no pains. I now give it to the public, not as a good Play, but as the beſt that I can produce: Very poſſibly *nobody* could write a *worſe* Tragedy; but it is a melancholy truth, that *I* cannot write a *better*.

When this Play was ſhown to Mr. HARRIS, I informed him of my poſitive determination to publiſh it previous to its performance. He accepted it under that condition, and in a manner the moſt flattering: he only objected (and that, all things conſidered, very properly) to the cataſtrophe, as being calculated rather to excite

horror than pity, and therefore as unfit for public representation. In the performance, therefore, the concluſion will be totally different from that of the publiſhed Play; and (though according to my own opinion it does not tally ſo well with Orſino's character) I acknowledge, that of the two, the new cataſtrophe ſeems to me the beſt calculated for the Stage. The ſeveral characters are diſtributed very much to my ſatisfaction. If my Play fails, I am perſuaded it will be either from the malignity of faction, or from its own demerits, not from any deficiency in the abilities of the Performers.

Reſpecting the plot, I have to confeſs that the ſituation at the end of the Second Act was ſuggeſted by the well-known anecdote of Charlemagne and his daughter Emma. It ſeems more likely to have been ſuggeſted by the ſtory of Sigiſmunda and Guiſcardo; —only the fact happens to be otherwiſe.—In the year 1345, during the reign of Alfonſo the XIth, (ſurnamed the Wiſe, and father of Pedro the Cruel;) the ſiege of Algeſiras took place, at which the firſt uſe of gunpowder is ſaid to have been made; this is the only hiſtorical anecdote which I have employed: as to the *real* character of Alfonſo the XIth, I muſt own, that it no more reſembles that of *my* Alfonſo the XIth, than it does John the Painter's, or Peter the Wild Boy's. —I do not myſelf think that this departure from Hiſtory is a matter of any conſequence; but they who do, will probably conſider it as a radical defect in the compoſition.

Here

Here and there I have detected ſome trifling plagiariſms, rather of expreſſion than of ſentiment, ſuch as the following:

" Now, ye Stars,
" Shed dews celeſtial from your golden vials
" On that dear gracious head!" *Act III.*

" You Gods, look down,
" And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
" Upon my daughter's head!" [*Winter's Tale.*]

" I'll blaſt him with a look!" *Act I.*

" Would that theſe eyes had Heaven's own light-
" ning,
" That with a look thus I might blaſt thee!"
[*Gameſter.*]

There are a few others of the ſame kind, but ſo trifling as to be not worth altering, and ſcarce worth mentioning. However, ſhould this Play be thoug t worthy of a ſecond edition, I ſhall moſt conſcientiouſly refund every ſyllable which is not ſtrictly my own, and ſhall think myſelf obliged to any perſon, who will take the trouble of pointing out any plagiariſm of which I may not be aware. At preſent it would be ridiculous in me to take the pains of giving back, what nobody would think it worth while to receive.——I ſhall, however, juſt mention, that I *ſuſpect* (but am not certain) that ſome ill-natured author has taken advantage of being able to publiſh before I was born, in order to compoſe the following lines before me.

" What

" What can Ottilia aſk, and I deny? *Act I.*

" If to forgive be ſin,

" How deeply then muſt Heaven have ſinned to
" man!" *Act III.*

Who firſt wrote the above lines, I ſuppoſe their authors know: if *I* did *not*, I am ignorant who did.

There are two paſſages in this Tragedy, which I am conſcious might have been liable to miſrepreſentation; but with ſuch authorities as I ſhall give for the *propriety* of the ſentiments, that Critic will be a bold man who ſhall venture to attack their morality. Into the bargain both paſſages will be omitted in the repreſentation.

Dec. 12, 1801. M. G. LEWIS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALFONSO XI.
ORSINO.
CÆSARIO.
Father BAZIL.
HENRIQUEZ.
MELCHIOR.
RICARDO.
GOMEZ.
MARCOS.
LUCIO.
First CITIZEN.
Second CITIZEN.
Friars, Soldiers, Citizens, Conſpirators, &c.

AMELROSA.
OTTILIA.
ESTELLA.
INIS.
Nuns, and Female Attendants on Amelroſa.

The Scene lies in Burgos (the Capital of Old Caſtile), and in the adjoining Foreſt.

The Action is ſuppoſed to paſs in the Year 1345.

ERRATA.

P 7, laſt line but one—read—It muſt not *be*——Hark footſteps!
P. 8, line 23—read—My life.
P. 9, line 2—read—*I'll* hence.
P. 12, line 7—read—*the* only chain.
P. 18, line 1—read—Protect my people, *e'en* from me.
P. 43, line 16—read—*I* had not.
P. 44, line 22—read—For ſo *my* ſoul doteſ on thee,
But to ſuſpect thee *racks* each nerve.
P. 53, line 28—Omit the note of admiration.
P. 57, line 18—for—Orſino's *fire* melt—read—Orſino melt.
P. 64, line 19—for—will guaranty—read—will guarantee.
P. 74, line 12—after—Alas?—Omit the note of interrogation.
P. 75—before the firſt ſpeech after—Enter Ottilia—inſert Ottilia.
P. 90, line 21—after thanks, place a note of admiration.
P. 92, line 9—after—kindneſs, place a comma.
P. 105, line 5—for requium—read—requiem.

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ALFONSO,

KING OF CASTILE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The palace-garden.—Day-break.

OTTILIA *enters in a night dreſs: her hair flows diſhevelled.*

OTTILIA.

DEWS of the morn, deſcend! Breathe, ſummer-gales,
My flushed cheeks woo ye! Play, ſweet wantons, play
'Mid my looſe treſſes, fan my panting breaſt,
Quench my blood's burning fever!—Vain, vain prayer!
Not Winter, throned 'midſt Alpine ſnows, whoſe will
Can with one breath, one touch, congeal whole realms,
And blanch whole ſeas; not that fiend's ſelf could eaſe
This heart, this gulph of flames, this purple kingdom,
Where paſſion rules and rages!—Oh! my ſoul!
Cæſario, my Cæſario!—[*A pauſe, during which ſhe ſeems buried in thought—the clock ſtrikes four.*]
Hark!—Ah me!
Is 't ſtill ſo early? Will 't be ſtill ſo long,
Ere my love comes? Oh! ſpeed, ye pitying hours,

Your flight, till mid-day brings Cæsario back;
Then, if ye list, rest your kind wings for ever!

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO.

'Tis past the hour! I fear I shall be chid,
For lo! the sun already darts his rays
Athwart the garden-paths.

OTTILIA.

How still! how tranquil!
All rests, except Ottilia! I 'll regain
The hateful couch, where still my husband sleeps:
Ere long he sleeps for ever!—Ha! why steals
Yon boy..... Amazement! Do my eyes deceive me?

LUCIO.

Hist! hist! Estella?

ESTELLA. [*Appearing on the terrace of the palace.*]

Lucio?

LUCIO.

Aye, the same.

ESTELLA.

Good! good!

LUCIO.

But pray you bid him speed. So loud
His black Arabian snorts, and paws the earth,
I fear he 'll wake the guards.

ESTELLA,

Farewell, I' ll warn him. [*Exeunt severally.*

OTTILIA. [*Alone.*]

'Twas Lucio, sure!... What business... Ah, how ready
Is Fear to whisper what Love hates to hear!

[Estella *and* Cæsario *appear on the terrace.*]

See!

See! ſee! Again Eſtella comes—and with her ....
Shame and deſpair! Burſt from your ſockets, eyes,
Since ye dare ſhow me this!—'Tis he! 'Tis he!
Cæſario! On my ſoul, Cæſario's ſelf———
He bids farewell!—He waves a glittering ſcarf,
A gift of love, no doubt!—Now to his lips
He glues it!—Bliſtered be thoſe lips, Cæſario,
Which have ſo oft ſworn faith to me!—She goes ...
Egyptian plagues go with her! [*Exit* Eſtella.

CÆSARIO. [*Looking back at the palace.*]

Yet one look,
One grateful bleſſing for this night of rapture;
Then, ſhrine of my ſoul's idol! caſket, holding
My heart's moſt precious gem, awhile farewell!
But, when my foot next bends thy floors, expect
No more this cautious gait, this voice ſubdued!
Proud and erect, with manly ſteps and ſtrong,
I'll come a Conqueror and a King, to lead
With ſceptred hand forth from her bower my bride,
And bid Caſtile adore her, like Cæſario.
Farewell, once more farewell!

OTTILIA. [*Advancing.*]

I'll croſs his path,
And blaſt him with a look.

CÆSARIO.

Ottilia?

OTTILIA.

What?
Am I then grown ſo hideous that my ſight
Withers the roſes on a warrior's cheeks,
And makes his ſteps recoil? In Mooriſh battles

He gazed undaunted on Death's frightful form,
But ſhrinks to view a monſter like Ottilia.

CÆSARIO. [*Aſide.*]

Confuſion! Should her rage alarm the guards.....

OTTILIA.

Or do I wrong myſelf? Is ſtill *my* form
Unchanged, but not thy faith? Speak, traitor, ſpeak!

CÆSARIO.

I own, moſt dear Ottilia ....

OTTILIA.

Hark! He owns it!
Hear, Earth and Heaven, he owns it! No excuſe!
No varniſh! No diſguiſe!—He will not ſtoop
To uſe diſſembling with a wretch he ſcorns,
Nor thinks it worth his pains to fool me further!
Proceed, brave ſir, proceed! In trivial ſtrain
Tell me, how light are lovers' oaths, how fond
Youth's heart of change, how quick love comes and flies;
And own, that yours for me is flown for ever.
Then with indifference aſk a parting kiſs,
Hope we ſhall ſtill be friends, profeſs eſteem,
Thank me for favours paſt, and coldly leave me.

CÆSARIO. [*Aſide.*]

How ſhall I huſh this ſtorm?

OTTILIA.

Oh! fool, fool, fool!
I thought him abſent; thought mid-day would bring
My hero back, and paſs'd this ſleepleſs night
In prayers, and ſighs, and vows for his return;
While ſcorned all oaths, forgot all faith, all honour,
Claſped

Claſped in Eſtella's wanton arms he lay,
And mock'd the poor, undone, deceiv'd Ottilia!

CÆSARIO.

Eſtella?—[*then aſide*] Bleſt miſtake!

OTTILIA.

What, didſt thou hope
My rival's name unknown? Oh! well I know it;
Eſtella! curſed Eſtella! Still I'll ſhriek it
Piercing and loud, till Earth, and Air, and Ocean,
Ring with her name, thy guilt, and my deſpair.

CÆSARIO.

And need thy words, Ottilia, blame my falſehood?
Oh! in each feature of thy beauteous face
I bluſh to read reproaches far more keen.
Thoſe glittering eyes, though now with lightnings armed,
Which erſt were uſed to pour on bleſt Cæſario
Kind looks, and fondeſt ſmiles, and tears of rapture;
That voice, by wrath untuned, once only breathing
Sounds, like the ringdove's, amorous, ſoft and ſweet;
That ſnowy breaſt, now ſwelled by ſtorms of paſſion,
But which in happier days by love was heaved,
By love for me!—The leaſt of theſe, Ottilia,
Gives to my heart a deeper ſtab than all
Thy words could do, were every word a dagger.

OTTILIA.

Thou prince of hypocrites!

CÆSARIO.

Think'ſt thou I flatter?
Then truſt thyſelf—[*leading her to a fountain.*]
View on this watery mirror

Thine

Thine angel-form reflected—Lovely ſhade,
Bid this indignant fair confeſs, how vain
Eſtella's charms were to contend with thine!
And yet—oh! madman—at Eſtella's feet
Breathing my vows, theſe eyes forgot, theſe lips
Than roſes ſweeter, redder——Oh! I'll gaze
No more, for gazing I deteſt myſelf.

OTTILIA.

This ſubtle ſnake, how winds he round my heart!
Oh! didſt thou ſpeak ſincerely .....!

CÆSARIO.

At thy feet,
Adored Ottilia! lo, I kneel repentant.
Couldſt thou forgive—— Vain man, it muſt not be.
Forgive the fool, who for a lamp's dull gleamings
Scorn'd the ſun's noon-tide ſplendour? for a pebble
Who gave a diamond worth a monarch's ranſom?
No, no, thou canſt not.

OTTILIA.

Cannot? Oh Cæſario,
Thou lov'ſt no longer, or thou ne'er couldſt doubt
I can, I muſt forgive thee!—[*falling on his boſom*].

CÆSARIO.

Beſt Ottilia,
No ſeraph's ſong e'er bore a ſweeter ſound
Breathed in the ear of ſome expiring ſaint,
Than pardon from thy lips.

OTTILIA. [*Embracing him.*]

Thoſe lips again
Thus ſeal it!—Yet to prove thy faith, I aſk ....

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

What can Ottilia aſk, and I deny?

OTTILIA.

The ſcarf you wear.....

CÆSARIO. [*Starting.*]

Ottilia!

OTTILIA.

Well I know
It was Eſtella's gift. I'll therefore wear it,
And with her jealous pangs repay my own.
Give me that ſcarf.

CÆSARIO.

And can Ottilia wiſh
So mean a triumph.....?

OTTILIA.

Ha! Beware, Cæſario!
My foot is on thy neck, and ſhould I find
Thy head a ſnake's, I'll cruſh it! Quick! the ſcarf!
Am I refuſed?

CÆSARIO.

Ottilia, be perſuaded:
More nobly uſe thy power.

OTTILIA. [*Suffocated with rage.*]

The ſcarf! the ſcarf!

CÆSARIO.

I value not the toy, nor her who gave it.
Then wherefore triumph o'er a fallen foe?
It muſt not be.. Hark! footſteps!—Sweet, farewell!
Ere night we meet again.—[*Going.*]

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA.

Yes, go, perfidious!
But know, ere night thy head ſhall grace the ſcaffold!

CÆSARIO. [*Returning.*]

Said'ſt thou——?

OTTILIA.

Laſt night my huſband's dreams revealed
A ſecret.....

CÆSARIO. [*Starting.*]

How? thy huſband? Marquis Guzman?

OTTILIA.

He ſpoke of plots—of ſoldiers brib'd.....
[*looking round myſteriouſly, and pointing to the lower part of the palace.*]
Of vaults
Beneath the royal chamber.....Wherefore tell I
To thee a tale thou know'ſt thyſelf full well?
I'll tell it to the King.....[*Going.*]

CÆSARIO.

Ottilia, ſtay!

OTTILIA.

The ſcarf.....

CÆSARIO. [*Giving it.*]

'Tis thine!—My life is in thy hands.....
Be ſecret, and I live thy ſlave for ever. [*Exit.*

OTTILIA. [*Alone.*]

'Tis plain! 'tis plain! Traitor, thou lov'ſt her ſtill!
Am I forſaken then? Oh ſhame, ſhame, ſhame!
Forſaken too by one, for whom laſt night
I dared a deed which..... Ha! the palace opens,

And lo! Eſtella with the Princeſs comes.
I'll hence, but ſoon returning make my rival
Feel what I ſuffer now. Thus fell Megæra
Tears from her heart one of thoſe ſnakes which gnaw it,
To throw upon ſome wretch; and when it ſtings him,
Wild laughs the fiend to ſee his pangs, well knowing
How keen thoſe pangs are, ſince ſhe feels the ſame.
[*Exit.*

AMELROSA, ESTELLA, INIS, *and Ladies, appear on the terrace of the palace.*

AMELROSA.

Forth, forth, my friends! the morn will bluſh to hear
Our tardy greeting [*deſcending.*] Gently, winds, I pray ye,
Breathe through this grove; and thou, all-radiant ſun,
Woo not theſe bowers beloved with kiſs too fierce.
Oh! look, my ladies, how yon beauteous roſe,
O'er-charged with dew, bends its fair head to earth,
Emblem of ſorrowing virtue! [*to Inis*] Would'ſt thou break it?
See'ſt not its ſilken leaves are ſtain'd with tears?
Ever, my Inis, where thou find'ſt theſe traces,
Show thou moſt kindneſs, moſt reſpect. I'll raiſe it,
And bind it gently to its neighbour roſe;
So ſhall it live, and ſtill its bluſhing boſom
Yield the wild bee, its little love, repoſe.

INIS.

Its love? Can flowers then love?

AMELROSA.

Oh! what cannot?
There's nothing lives, in air, on earth, in ocean,

But lives to love! for when the Great Unknown
Parted the elements, and out of chaos
Formed this fair world with one bleſt bleſſing word,
That word was Love! Angels, with golden clarions,
Prolonged in heavenly ſtrain the heavenly ſound:
The mountain-echoes caught it; the four winds
Spread it, rejoicing, o'er the world of waters;
And ſince that hour, in foreſt, or by fountain,
On hill or moor, whate'er be nature's ſong,
Love is her theme, Love! univerſal Love!

ESTELLA.

See, lady, where the King.....

AMELROSA.

I haſte to meet him.

[*Enter* ALFONSO, *and Attendants.*

AMELROSA. [*Kneeling.*]

My father! my dear father!

ALFONSO.

Heaven's beſt dews
Fall on thy beauteous head, my Amelroſa,
And be each drop a bleſſing!—Cheered by morning
Fair ſmile the ſkies; but nothing ſmiles on me,
Till I have ſeen thee well, and know thee happy.

AMELROSA.

And I *were* happy, if my eyes perceived not
Tears clouding thine. Oh! what has power to grieve thee
On this proud day, when rich in ſpoils and glory
Cæſario

Cæsario brings thee back thy conquering troops,
That brave young warrior? Spite of Mooriſh hoſts,
And all their new-found engines of deſtruction,
Sulphureous mines, and mouths of iron thunder,
He forced their gates! He leap'd their flaming gulphs!
Pale as their banner'd creſcent fled the Moors,
And proudly ſtreamed our flag o'er Algeſiras!

ALFONSO.

And with them fled!.... Oh! have I words to
ſpeak it?
Thy brother, Amelroſa!

AMELROSA.

How! my brother?

ALFONSO.

Oh! 'tis too true. He thinks I live too long,
So joined the Moors to hurl me from my throne,
Guided their councils, ſharpened their reſentment,
And, when they fled, fled with them.

AMELROSA.

Powers of mercy!
Can there be hearts ſo black!

ALFONSO.

Poor wretched man,
Where ſhall I turn me? where, ſince luſt of power
Makes a ſon faithleſs, find a friend that 's true?
Where fly for comfort.....

AMELROSA.

To this heart, my father!
This heart, which, while it throbs, ſhall throb to love thee:
Stream thy dear eyes? my hand ſhall dry thoſe tears;

Aches thy poor head? My boſom ſhall ſupport it!
And when thou ſleep'ſt, I'll watch thy dreams, and pray
—— "Changed be to joy the ſorrow which afflicts
"My king, my father, and my ſoul's beſt friend!"——

ALFONSO.

My child! my comfort!—Yes, yes! here's the chain,
Th only chain that binds me to exiſtence—
And ſhould that break too..... Should'ſt thou e'er deceive me—
Oh! ſhould'ſt thou, Amelroſa.....

AMELROSA.

Doubts my father.....?

ALFONSO.

No, no!—Nay, droop not. By my ſoul, I think thee
As free from guile, as yon blue vault from clouds,
And clear as rain-drops ere they touch the earth!
Nor love I mean ſuſpicion:—where I give
My heart, I give my faith, my whole firm faith,
And hold it baſe to doubt the thing I value.

AMELROSA.

Then why that wronging thought?

ALFONSO.

By fear 'twas prompted;
By fear to loſe, but not by doubt to keep.
And well my heart may fear. Think, think how keenly
Ingratitude has wrung that truſting heart!
Think that my faithleſs ſon but rends anew
A wound ſcarce fourteen years had healed.

AMELROSA.

Orſino?

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

He! he! that man .... Oh! how I loved that man!
And yet that man betrayed me!

AMELROSA

Is that certain?
Might not deception .... Slander loves the Court,
And ſlippery are the heights of royal favour.
Who ſtumbles, falls; who falls, finds none to raiſe him.

ALFONSO.

Nay, but I ſaw the writings; 'twas his hand,
His very hand, nor dared he diſavow it:
For when I taxed him with his guilt, and ſhowed him
His letters to the Moor, awhile he eyed me
In ſullen ſilence, then contemptuous ſmiled,
And coldly bade me treat him as I liſt.
Arraigned, no plea excuſed his dark offence;
Condemned to die, no word implored for pardon:
But my heart pleaded ſtronger than all words!
I ſaved his life, yet bade him live a priſoner
Or clear himſelf from guilt.

AMELROSA.

And did he never .....

ALFONSO.

Without one word or look, one tear or ſigh,
He turned away, and ſilent ſought the dungeon,
Where three years ſince he died .... Ah! ſaid I, died?
No, no, he lives! lives in my memory ſtill,
Such as in youth's fond dreams my fancy formed him,
Virtuous and brave, faithful, ſincere, and juſt;

My

My friend? my guide!—a phœnix among men! .....
How now? What haſte brings fair Ottilia hither?

Enter OTTILIA, *wearing the ſcarf.*

OTTILIA.

Pardon, my Sovereign, that uncalled I come;
You ſee a ſuppliant from a dying man.

ALFONSO.

Lady, from whom?

OTTILIA.

My huſband, Marquis Guzman,
Lies on the bed of death, and, ſtung by conſcience,
By me unloads it of this ſecret guilt!—
Thoſe traitor-ſcrolls, which bore Orſino's name....

ALFONSO.

Say on, ſay on!

OTTILIA.

By Guzman's hand were forged.

ALFONSO.

Forged?—No, no, no! Lady, it cannot be!
Unſay thy words, or ſtab me!

OTTILIA.

Gracious Sir,
Look on theſe papers.

ALFONSO.

Ha!

[*After looking at them, drops them, and claſps his hands in agony.*]

AMELROSA.

Father! dear father!

ALFONSO.

Father! I merit not that name, nor any
Sweet, good, or gracious. Call me villain! fiend!
Suſpicious tyrant! treacherous, calm aſſaſſin!
Who ſlew the trueſt, nobleſt friend, that ever
Man's heart was bleſt with!—Ha! why kneels my child?

AMELROSA.

For pardon firſt that I have dared deceive thee....

ALFONSO.

Deceive me?

AMELROSA.

Next to pay pure thanks to Heaven,
Which grants me to allay my father's anguiſh
With words of moſt ſweet comfort.

ALFONSO.

Ha! what mean'ſt thou?

AMELROSA.

Four years are paſt ſince firſt Orſino's ſorrows
Struck on my ſtartled ear; that ſound once heard,
Ne'er left my ear again, but day and night,
Whether I walked or ſate, awake or ſleeping,
The captive, the poor captive ſtill was there.
The rain ſeemed but *his* tears; his hopeleſs groans
Spoke in each hollow wind; his nights of anguiſh
Robbed mine of reſt; or, if I ſlept, my dreams
Showed his pale waſted form, his beamleſs eye
Fixed on the moon, his meagre hands now folded
In dull deſpair, now rending his few locks
Untimely gray; and now again in phrenſy

Dreadful he ſhrieked; tore with his teeth his fleſh;
'Gainſt his dank priſon-walls daſhed out his brains,
And died deſpairing! From my couch I ſtarted;
Sunk upon my knees; I kiſſed this croſs,
——"Captive," I cried, "I'll die, or ſet thee free!"——

ALFONSO.

And didſt thou? Bleſs thee, didſt thou?

AMELROSA.

Moved by gold,
More by my prayers, moſt by his own heart's pity,
His gaoler yielded to releaſe Orſino,
And ſpread his death's report.—One night, when all
Was huſhed, I ſought his tower, unlocked his chains,
And bade him riſe and fly! With vacant ſtare,
Bewildered, wondering, doubting what he heard,
He followed to the gate. But when he viewed
The ſky thick ſown with ſtars, and drank heaven's air,
And heard the nightingale, and ſaw the moon
Shed o'er theſe groves a ſhower of ſilver light,
Hope thawed his frozen heart; in livelier current
Flowed his grief-thickened blood, his proud ſoul melted,
And down his furrowed cheeks kind tears came ſtealing,
Sad, ſweet, and gentle as the dews, which evening
Sheds o'er expiring day. Words had he none,
But with his looks he thanked me. At my feet
He ſank; he wrung my hand; his pale lips preſſed it;
He ſighed, he roſe, he fled; he lives, my father!

ALFONSO. [*Kneeling.*]

Fountain of bliſs! words are too poor for thanks;
Oh! deign to read them here!

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Canſt thou forgive
My long deceit.....

ALFONSO.

Forgive thee? To my heart
Thus let me claſp thee, beſt of earthly bleſſings,
Balm of my ſoul, and ſaviour of my juſtice!
Oh! bleſt were kings, when fraud enſnares their ſenſe,
And paſſion arms their hands, if ſtill they found
One who like thee dared ſtand the victim's friend,
Wreſt from proud lawleſs Power his brandiſhed javelin,
And make him virtuous in his own deſpite!

Enter RICARDO.

RICARDO.

My liege, your conquering general, brave Cæſario,
Draws near the walls.

ALFONSO.

I haſten to receive
The hero, and his troops: that duty done,
I'll ſeek my wronged friend's pardon. Say, my child,
Where dwells Orſino?

AMELROSA.

In the neighbouring foreſt
He lives an hermit: Inis knows the place.

ALFONSO.

Ere night I'll ſeek him there. And now farewell,
Ever beloved, but now more loved than ever!
Oh! ſtill as now watch o'er and timely check
My haſty nature; ſtill, their guardian-angel,

Protect my people, e'en from *me* protect them:
Then, after-ages, pondering o'er the page
Which bears my name, shall see, and seen shall bless
That union most beloved of man and heaven,
A patriot monarch, and a people free!

[*Exit with* Ricardo *and Attendants.*

AMELROSA.

My good kind father! fatal, fatal secret,
How weigh'st thou down my heart.! [*Remains buried in thought.*]

OTTILIA.

I'll haste and calm
My husband's conscience with Orsino's safety.
But when our Spanish beauties throng the ramparts,
Anxious to see, and anxious to be seen,
Why stays Estella from the walls?

ESTELLA.

Both duty
And friendship chain me where the Princess stays.

OTTILIA.

Duty and friendship? trust me, glorious words;—
Yet there's a sweeter—Love! Boasts the gay band,
Which circles brave Cæsario's laurelled car,
No youth, who proudly wears Estella's colours,
And knows no glory like Estella's smile?

ESTELLA.

Ha! Sure my sight must err?

OTTILIA. [*Aside.*]

She sees, and knows it.

ESTELLA.

ESTELLA.

It muſt be that! .... Princeſs!

OTTILIA. [*Aſide.*]

So, ſo! now flies ſhe
To her ſhe-Pylades for aid and comfort.
Oh! moſt rare ſympathy! How the friend ſtarts!
And, truſt me, changes colour!

AMELROSA.

Say'ſt thou? how?
Away, it cannot be!

ESTELLA.

Convince thyſelf then.

OTTILIA. [*Aſide.*]

Aye, look your fill! look till your eye-ſtrings break,
For 'tis that ſcarf; that very, very ſcarf! .....
So now the queſtion comes.

ESTELLA.

Forgive me, lady,
Nor hold me rude, that much I wiſh to know,
Whence came the ſcarf you wear?

OTTILIA.

This ſcarf? ... Alas!
A paltry toy! a very ſoldier's preſent.

ESTELLA.

A ſoldier's?

OTTILIA.

Aye. 'Twas ſent me from the camp:
But with ſuch bitter taunts on her who wrought it ....!
Breathed ever mortal man ſuch thoughts of me,
My heart would break, or *his* ſhould bleed for 't!

ESTELLA.

Say you?

OTTILIA.

Nay mark—"Receive, proud fair,"—thus ran the letter—
"This scarf, forced on me by an hand I loath,
With many an amorous word and tasteless kiss!
As I for thee, so burns for me the wanton;
To me as thine, cold is my heart to her;
Nor canst thou more despise the gift than I
Scorn the fond fool who gave it!"——

AMELROSA.

Oh! my heart!

INIS.

Look to the Princess.

OTTILIA. [*Starting.*]

Ha!

ESTELLA.

She faints!

AMELROSA.

No, no!
'Tis nothing—mid-day's heat...the o'er-powering sun.....
I'll in, and rest.

OTTILIA.

Princess, permit.....

AMELROSA.

No, lady!
I need no aid of thine—In, in, Estella.
Oh! cruel, false Cæsario!

[*Exit with* Estella, Inis, *and Ladies.*

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA. [*Alone.*]

Ha! Is 't ſo?
And flies my falcon at ſo high a lure?—
The Princeſs! 'tis the Princeſs that he loves!—
And ſhall I calmly ſee her bear away
This dear-bought prize, my ſecret crime's reward,
My lord, my love, my life, my all?——She dies!

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

An hall in Cæſario's *palace.*

[*Shouts heard without.*]

Enter CÆSARIO [*a General's ſtaff in his hand*] *followed by* HENRIQUEZ, *Citizens and Soldiers.*

CÆSARIO.

THANKS, worthy friends! No further!—Pleaſed I hear
Theſe ſhouts, which thank me for Alfonſo's ſafety!
But though *my* arms have quelled the Moors, your love
Alone can ſhield him from a foe more dangerous,
From his proud rebel ſon!—Farewell, aſſured
I live but for your uſe!

Firſt Citizen.

Long live Cæſario!

Second Citizen.

Long live the Conqueror of the Moors!

All. Huzza! [*Exeunt.*

Manent CÆSARIO *and* HENRIQUEZ.

CÆSARIO.

Kind friends, farewell!—Aye, ſhout, ye brawlers, ſhout!

Pour out unmeaning praiſe till the ſkies ring!
'Twill ſchool your deep-toned throats to roar to-morrow,
—"Long live Cæſario! Sovereign of Caſtile!"—
Marked you, Henriquez, how the royal dotard
Hung on my neck, termed me his kingdom's angel,
His friend, his ſaviour, his..... Oh! my tongue burned
To thunder in his ſtartled ear —— "The man
Who raiſed this war, and fired your ſon's ambition,
Your daughter's huſband, and your mortal foe,
That man am I!"——

HENRIQUEZ.

Then abſence has not cooled,
It ſeems, your hatred.....

CÆSARIO.

Could'ſt thou think it? thou,
Who know'ſt a ſecret to all elſe unknown!
Know'ſt me no ſtranger-youth, no chance-adventurer,
Whoſe ſword's his fortune, as Caſtile believes me;
But one of mightieſt views and proudeſt hopes,
Galled by injuſtice, panting for revenge,
Son of an hero! wronged Orſino's ſon!

HENRIQUEZ.

Yet might your wealth and power—yon General's ſtaff—
Alfonſo's countleſs favours.....

CÆSARIO.

Favours? Inſults!
Curſes when proffered by an hand I hate!
Bright ſeems ambition to my eye, and ſure
To reign is glorious; yet ſuch fixed averſion

I bear

I bear this man, and ſuch my thirſt for vengeance,
I would not ſell his head, once in my power,
Though the price tendered were the crown that decks it!
Yet that too ſhortly ſhall be mine!—Say, Marquis,
How ſpeeds our plot?

HENRIQUEZ.

'Tis ripe: beneath his chambers
The vaults are ours, the ſleeping fires diſpoſed;
The mine waits but your word.

CÆSARIO.

To-night it ſprings then,
And hurls my foe in burning clouds to heaven—
O! rapturous ſight!

HENRIQUEZ.

And can that ſight give rapture
Which wrings with anguiſh Amelroſa's boſom?
She loves her father .....

CÆSARIO.

Loves ſhe not her huſband?

HENRIQUEZ.

She 'll hate him, when ſhe knows ....

CÆSARIO.

She ne'er ſhall know it!
All ſhall be held her rebel brother's deed;
And while contending paſſions ſhake the rabble,
(Grief for the ſire, reſentment 'gainſt the ſon,
And pity for the Princeſs) forth I'll ſtep,
Avow our marriage, claim the crown her right,
And, when ſhe mounts the throne, aſcend it with her.

HENRIQUEZ.

HENRIQUEZ.

Oh! she will drown that bloody throne with tears!
And should she learn who bade them flow.....

CÆSARIO.

Say on....

HENRIQUEZ.

She 'll loath you!

CÆSARIO. [*With a scornful smile.*]

She 'll forgive me.

HENRIQUEZ.

Never, never!
I know the Princess; know a daughter's love,
A daughter's grief.....

CÆSARIO.

And are not daughters women?
By nature tender, trustful, kind, and fickle,
Prone to forgive, and practised in forgetting?
Let the fair things but rave their hour at ease,
And weep their fill, and wring their pretty hands,
Faint between whiles, and swear by every saint
They 'll never, never, never see you more!
Then when the larum 's hushed, profess repentance,
Say a few kind false words, drop a few tears,
Force a fond kiss or two, and all 's forgiven.
Away! I know her sex!

HENRIQUEZ.

But know not her!
Her heart will bleed; and can you wound that heart,
Yet swear you love her?

CÆSARIO.

Dearly, fiercely love her!
But not so fiercely as I loath this king!—

Hatred of him cheriſhed from youth is now
My ſecond nature! 'tis the air I breathe,
The ſtream which fills my veins, my life's chief ſource,
My food, my drink, my ſleep, warmth, health, and vigour,
Mixed with my blood, and twiſted round my heart-ſtrings!
To ceaſe to hate him, I muſt ceaſe to breathe!——
Never to know one hour's repoſe or pleaſure
While loathed Alfonſo lived,—ſuch was my oath,
Breathed on my broken-hearted mother's lips.
She heard! her eyes flaſhed with new fire; ſhe kiſſed me,
Murmured Orſino's name, bleſs'd it, and died!——
That oath I 'll keep!

Enter MELCHIOR.

CÆSARIO.

Melchior! why thus alarmed?

MELCHIOR.

I've cauſe too good! our lives hang by a thread!
Guzman is dying!

CÆSARIO *and* HENRIQUEZ.

How?

MELCHIOR.

Remorſe already
Hath wrung one ſecret from him; and, I fear,
The next fit brings our plot.

CÆSARIO.

Speed, ſpeed, Henriquez!

Place

Place ſpies around his gate! guard every avenue!
Mark every face that comes or goes—Away!
[*Exit* Henriquez.

CÆSARIO.

I'll watch the King myſelf! [*Going.*]

MELCHIOR.

As yet he 's ſafe.
Soon as he parted from the troops, Alfonſo,
By Inis guided, tow'rds the foreſt ſped,
To ſeek and ſoothe his late-found friend Orſino.

CÆSARIO. [*Starting*].

Whom, whom? Orſino?, what Orſino? ſpeak.

MELCHIOR.

The Count San Lucar, long thought dead, but ſaved,
It ſeems, by Amelroſa's care—Time preſſes——
I muſt away: farewell.

CÆSARIO.

At one, remember—
Beneath the royal tower . . . . .

MELCHIOR.

Fear not my failing. [*Exit.*

CÆSARIO. [*Alone.*]

He lives! My father lives! Oh, let but vengeance
Fire him to ſpurn Alfonſo and his friendſhip . . . . .
His martial fame, the memory of his virtues,
His talents, rank, and ſufferings undeſerved, ...
Oh! what a noble column to ſupport
My new-raiſed power! [*Going.*]

Enter OTTILIA. [*Veiled.*]

OTTILIA.

Cæſario, ſtay!

CÆSARIO.

Forgive me,
Fair lady, if my ſpeech appears ungentle;
Such buſineſs calls .....

OTTILIA. [*Unveiling.*]

Than mine there's none more urgent.

CÆSARIO.

Ottilia!

OTTILIA.

Need I ſay what brings me hither?

CÆSARIO.

Thoſe angry eyes too plainly ſpeak, that ſtill
Eſtella .....

OTTILIA.

She? Diſſembler! fiend!—Peace, peace;
I come not here to rave, but to command.
You love the Princeſs, are beloved again .....
Speak not! She ſaw this ſcarf; her tears, her anguiſh
Betrayed her ſecret. Yes, you love the Princeſs!
But, while *I* breathe, if e'er her hand is yours,
Strike me dead, lightnings!

CÆSARIO.

Hear me!

OTTILIA.

Look on this [*ſhowing a paper*].

CÆSARIO.

'Tis Guzman's hand.

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA.

He bade me to the King
Bear it with other papers; but my prudence,
For mine own purpoſes, kept back this ſcroll.
Lo! here a full confeſſion of your plots—
The mine deſcribed—the vault—the hour—the ſignal—
What troops are gained—the liſt of ſworn confederates—
And foremoſt in the liſt here ſtands Cæſario!

CÆSARIO.

Confuſion!

OTTILIA.

Nay, 'tis ſo! Now mark me, youth!
Either my hand at midnight as my huſband's
Claſps thine, or gives this paper to Alfonſo!
Prepare a friar—at Juan's chapel meet me
At midnight, or the King.....

CÆSARIO.

You rave, Ottilia!
While Guzman lives.....

OTTILIA.

Young man, his hours are counted:
Three ſcarce are his—Laſt night I drugged the bowl
In which he drank a farewell to the world.
Aye, aye, 'tis true! Thou 'rt mine! With blood I've bought thee!
Nothing now parts us but the grave,—and there,
E'en there I 'll claim thee!..... If to-night thou com'ſt not....

CÆSARIO.

I will, by Heaven!

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA.

Nay, fail at your own peril——
Your life is in my power! my breath can blaſt you!
Chooſe, then, Cæſario, 'twixt thy bane and bliſs—
Love or a grave! a kingdom or a ſcaffold!
My arms or death's!—By yonder Sun I ſwear,
Ere morning dawns, thou ſhalt be mine or nothing!
[*Exit.*

CÆSARIO.

Is't ſo?—Thy blood then on thy head—This paper.....
—This female fiend... the ſcarf too!... I muſt ſtraight
Appeaſe the Princeſs..... ſome well-varniſhed tale
....Some glib excuſe—Oh! hateful taſk! Oh, Truth!
How my ſoul longs once more to join thy train,
Tear off the maſk, and ſhow me as I am!
The wretch for life immured; the Chriſtian ſlave
Of Pagan lords; or he whoſe bloody ſweat
Speeds the fleet galley o'er the ſparkling waves,
Bears eaſy toil, light chains, and pleaſant bondage,
Weighed with thy ſervice, Falſehood! Still to ſmile
On thoſe we loath; to teach the lips a leſſon
Smooth, ſweet, and falſe; to watch the tell-tale eye,
Faſhion each feature, ſift each honeſt word
That ſwells upon the tongue, and fear to find
A traitor in one's ſelf!—By Heaven, I know
No toil, no curſe, no ſlavery, like diſſembling!
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A wild foreſt, with rocks, water-falls, &c. On one ſide an hermitage and a ruſtic tomb, with various pieces of armour ſcattered near it, "VICTORIA" *is engraved on it; a river is in the back ground.*

ORSINO *ſtands on a rock which over hangs the river.*

ORSINO.

Yes, thou art lovely, World! That blue-robed ſky;
Theſe giant rocks, their forms groteſque and awful
Reflected on the calm ſtream's lucid mirror;
Theſe reverend oaks, through which (their ruſtling leaves
Dancing and twinkling in the ſun-beams) light
Now gleams, now diſappears, while yon fierce torrent,
Tumbling from crag to crag with meaſured daſh,
Makes to the ear ſtrange muſic: World! oh, World!
Who ſees thee ſuch muſt needs confeſs thee fair!
Who knows thee not muſt needs ſuppoſe thee good!

[*With a ſudden burſt of indignation.*]

But I have tried thee, World! know all theſe beauties
Mere ſhows and ſnares; know thee a gilded ſerpent,
A flowery bank, whoſe ſweets ſmile o'er a pit-fall;
A ſplendid priſon, precious tomb, fair palace
Whoſe golden domes allure poor wanderers in,
And, when they 've entered, cruſh them! Such I know thee
And, knowing, loath thy charms! Riſe, riſe, ye ſtorms!
Mingle, ye elements! Flaſh, lightnings, flaſh!
Unmaſk this witch! blaſt her pernicious beauty!
And ſhow me Nature as ſhe is, a monſter!
—I 'll look no more! Oh! my torn heart! Victoria!
My ſon! Oh God! My ſon! Loſt! loſt! Both loſt!

[*Leaning againſt the tomb.*]

Enter ALFONSO, INIS, *and Attendants.*

INIS.

This is the hermit's cave; and see, my liege, Orsino's self.

ALFONSO. [*Starting back.*]

No, no, that living spectre
Is not my gallant friend! I seek in vain
The full cheek's healthful glow, the eye of fire,
The martial mien, proud gait, and limbs Herculean!
Oh! is that death-like form indeed Orsino?

ORSINO.

Never to see them more! Never, no never!
Wife, child, joy, hope, all gone!

ALFONSO.

That voice! Oh! Heaven,
Too well I know that voice!—How grief has changed him!
I'll speak, yet dread.... Retire [*Inis, &c. withdraw.*]
Look up, Orsino.

ORSINO.

Discovered!
[*Sizing a lance which rests against the cavern, and putting himself in a posture of defence*].
Wretch, thy life.... [*staggering back*] Strengthen me, heaven!
'Tis he! the King himself!

ALFONSO. [*Offering to take his hand.*]

Thy friend!

ORSINO.

[*Recovering himself, and drawing back his hand.*]
Friend! friend!——
I've none!—[*Coldly.*]

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

Orſino! ....

ORSINO.

Never had but one,
And he .... ! Sir, though a king, you 'd ſhrink to hear
How that friend uſed me!

ALFONSO.

Hear me ſpeak, in pity!

ORSINO.

What need of words? I 'm found, I 'm in your power,
And you may torture me e'en how you liſt.
Where are your chains? Theſe are the ſelf-ſame arms
Which bore them ten long years, nor doubt their weighing
Heavy as ever! Theſe ſame eyes, which bathed
So oft with bittereſt tears your dungeon-grate,
Have ſtreams not yet exhauſted! and theſe lips
Can ſtill with ſhrieks make the Black Tower re-echo,
Which heard my voice ſo long in frantic anguiſh
Rave of my wife and child, and curſe Alfonſo!
Lead on, Sir! I 'm your priſoner!

ALFONSO.

Not for worlds
Would I but harm one hair of thine!—Nay, hear me!
And learn, moſt wronged Orſino, thy clear innocence
Is now well known to all.

ORSINO.

Aye? Nay, I care not
Who thinks me innocent! I know myſelf ſo—
Was this your buſineſs, Sir? 'Tis done! Farewell.

ALFONSO.

Oh! part not from me thus! I fain would ſay.....

ORSINO.

What?

ALFONSO.

I have wronged thee!....

ORSINO. [*Sternly.*]

True!

ALFONSO.

Deeply, moſt deeply!
But wounding thine, hurt my own heart no leſs,
Where none has filled thy place: 'tis thine, ſtill thine—
And if my Court.....

ORSINO.

What ſhould I there? No, no, Sir!
Sorrow has crazed my wits; long cramped by fetters
My arm ſinks powerleſs; and my waſted limbs,
Palſied by dungeon-damps, would bend and totter
Beneath yon armour's weight, once borne ſo lightly!—
Then what ſhould I at Court? I cannot head
Your troops, nor guide your councils: Leave me, leave me,
You cannot uſe me further!

ALFONSO.

Oh! I muſt,
And to a moſt dear ſervice—My heart bleeds,
And needs a friend! Be but that friend once more!
Be to me what thou wert, (and that was, all things!)
Forgive my faults, forget thy injuries.....

ORSINO.

ORSINO. [*Paſſionately.*]

Never!

ALFONSO.

That to Alfonſo? That to him, whoſe friendſhip ....

ORSINO.

Peace, peace! You felt no friendſhip! felt no flame,
Steady and ſtrong!—Yours was a vain light vapour,
A boyiſh fancy, a caprice, an habit,
A bond you wearied of, and gladly ſeized
A lame pretext to break. Did not my heart
From earlieſt youth lie naked to your eyes?
Knew you not every corner, nerve, turn, twiſt on 't?
And could you ſtill ſuſpect ...? No, no! You wiſhed
To find me falſe, or muſt have known me true.

ALFONSO.

You wrong me, on my life! So fine, ſo ſkilful
The ſnare was ſpread .... I knew not .....

ORSINO.

Knew not? Knew not?
Thou knew'ſt I was Orſino! Knowing that,
Thou ſhould'ſt have known, I never could be guilty.

ALFONSO.

Proofs ſeemed ſo ſtrong ....

ORSINO.

And had I none to prove
My innocence? Theſe deep-hewn ſcars, received
While fighting in your cauſe, were theſe no proofs?
Your life twice ſaved by me! your very breath
My gift! your crown oft reſcued by my valour!
Were theſe no proofs? My every word, thought, action,

My ſpotleſs life, my rank, my pride, my honour,
And, more than all, the love I ever bore thee,
Were theſe no proofs?—Oh! they had been conviction
In a friend's eyes, though they were none in thine!

ALFONSO.

Your pride? 'Twas that undid me! Your reſerve,
Your ſilence.....

ORSINO.

What! Should I have ſtooped to chaſe
Your brawling lawyers through their flaws and quibbles?
To bear the ſneers of ſaucy queſtioners—
Their jeſts, their lies—and, when they termed me villain,
Calmly to cry—"Good Sirs, I'm none!"—No, no:
I heard myſelf called traitor—ſaw you calmly
Hear me ſo called, nor ſtrike the ſpeaker dead!
Then why defend myſelf? What hope was left me?
Truth loſt its value, ſince you thought me falſe!
Speech had been vain, ſince your heart ſpoke not for me.

ALFONSO.

And it *did* ſpeak... Spite of the law's deciſion,
My love preſerved your life.....

ORSINO.

Oh! bounteous favour!
Oh! vaſt munificence! which, giving life,
Robbed me of every gem which made life precious!
Where is my wife? Diſtracted at my loſs,
Sunk to her cold grave with a broken heart!
Where is my ſon? Or dead through want, or wandering
A friendleſs outcaſt! Where that health, that vigour,
Thoſe iron nerves, once mine?—King, aſk your dungeons!

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

Oh! ſpare me!

ORSINO.

Give me theſe again, wife, ſon,
Health, ſtrength, and ten moſt precious years of manhood,
And I 'll perhaps forgive thee: till then, never!

ALFONSO.

What could I do? Thy ſon had been to me
Dear as my own, had not Victoria's pride,
Scorning all aid .....

ORSINO.

'Twas right!

ALFONSO.

She fled, concealed
Herſelf and child ..... Had it on me depended .....
I cannot ſpeak ... My heart .... Oh! yet have mercy,
Think I had other duties than a friend's .....
Alas! I was a king!

ORSINO.

And are one ſtill .....
Have ſtill your wealth, and pomp, and pride and power,
And herd of cringeing courtiers—ſtill have children ....
I had but one, and him I loſt through thee.
I, I have nothing! Yon rude cave my palace,
Theſe rocks my court, the wolf my fit companion—
Loſt all life's bleſſings, wife, ſon, health! Oh! nothing
Is left me, ſave the right to hate that man
Who made me what I am!—And would'ſt thou rob me
E'en of this laſt poor pleaſure? Go, Sir! go,

Regain your court! reſume your pomp and ſplendour!
Drink deep of luxury's cup! be gay, be flattered,
Pampered and proud, and, if thou canſt, be happy.
I 'll to my cave, and curſe thee!

ALFONSO.

Stay, Orſino!
If ever friendſhip warmed, or pity melted
Thy heart, I charge thee.....

ORSINO.

Pity? In thy dungeons,
Sir, I forgot the meaning of that word.
For ten long years no gentle accents ſoothed me—
No tears with mine were mixed—no boſom ſighed
That anguiſh tortured mine!—King, King, thou know'ſt not,
How ſolitude makes the ſoul ſtern and ſavage!

ALFONSO.

Yet were thy ſoul than adamantine rocks
More hard, theſe deep-drawn ſighs.....

ORSINO.

My wife's laſt groan
Rings in my ear, and drowns them.

ALFONSO.

And theſe tears
Might touch thy heart.....

ORSINO.

My heart is dead, King! dead!
'Tis yonder buried in Victoria's grave!

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

Could prayers, unfeigned remorſe, ceaſeleſs affection,
And influence as my own unbounded .....

ORSINO.

Hold!
I 'll try thee, and make two demands!—But firſt,
Swear by all hopes of happineſs hereafter,
And Heaven's beſt gift on earth, thine angel-daughter,
Whate'er I aſk ſhall be fulfilled.

ALFONSO.

I ſwear!
And Heaven ſo treat *my* prayers, as I ſhall thine!

ORSINO.

'Tis well: now mark, and keep thine oath. My firſt
Requeſt is—Leave me inſtantly! My ſecond,
Ne'er let me ſee thee more!—Thou haſt heard! Begone!
[*Exit into the cave.*

ALFONSO.

'Tis well, proud man!—Alas! my heart 's too humbled
To chide e'en him who ſpurns it!——

INIS.

Nay, my liege,
Deſpair not——Sure the Princeſs .....

ALFONSO.

Right! I 'll ſeek her;
To her he owes his freedom, and her prayers
Shall win me back this dear obdurate heart.
Oh! did he know how ſweet 'tis to forgive,
And raiſe the wounded ſoul, which, cruſh'd and humbled,
Sinks in the duſt, and owns that it has erred;

To

To quench all wrath, and cancel all offences,
Sure he would need no motive but ſelf-love!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A garden.

AMELROSA. [*Alone.*]

And are ye all then vaniſhed, ſylphs of bliſs?
All fled in air, and not one trace, one ſhadow
Left of my bright day-viſions? Is not rather
All this ſome fearful dream?—Cæſario falſe!
I *know* 'tis ſo, yet ſcarce can *think* 'tis ſo!
Gods! when laſt night, after long abſence meeting,
What looks!.....what joy!.....and was then all deceit?
Did he but mock me, when with tears of rapture
He bathed my hand; knelt; ſighed; as had his voice
By pleaſure been o'erwhelmed, awhile was ſilent;
But ſoon came words, ſweet as thoſe moſt ſweet kiſſes,
Which grateful Venus gave the ſwain whoſe care
Brought back her truant doves!—So ſweet, ſo ſweet.....
Diſtruſt, herſelf, muſt have believed thoſe words!
Oh! and was all but feigned?

Enter CÆSARIO *and* ESTELLA.

ESTELLA.

Wait here awhile;
I'll try to ſoothe her.

CÆSARIO.

My beſt friend!

ESTELLA.

ESTELLA.

Withdraw!— [Cæſario *retires.*
Still bathed in tears?

AMELROSA. [*Throwing herſelf on her boſom.*]

Oh! my ſoul's ſick, Eſtella.
My heart is broken, broken!

ESTELLA.

Nay, be calm!
I bring you comfort.

AMELROSA.

How?

ESTELLA.

Cæſario ſues
For one ſhort moment's audience.....

AMELROSA.

I'll not ſee him!

ESTELLA.

Dear princeſs.....

AMELROSA.

Never! Saw I not Ottilia
Decked with my gift? Did I not hear.....Shame!
ſhame!
Go, go, Eſtella, ſeek him! Say, and firmly,
We meet no more! ſay, that the veil is rent!
Say, that I know him wavering, vain, ungrateful,
Flattering and falſe! and having ſaid this, add,
Falſe as he is, he 's my ſoul's tyrant ſtill!

CÆSARIO. [*Throwing himſelf at her feet.*]

Accents of heaven!—My life! my love!

AMELROSA.

Cæſario?
Farewell for ever!

CÆSARIO.

Nay, you muſt not leave me.
Hear me but ſpeak . . . . .

AMELROSA.

Releaſe me !

CÆSARIO.

But one word . . . . .

AMELROSA.

I'll not be held !—Your pardon ! I forgot, Sir !
I thought myſelf ſtill miſtreſs of my actions !
Still Princeſs of Caſtile !—Now I remember
I 'm that deſpiſed, unhappy thing, your wife !
Sir, I obey !—Your pleaſure !

CÆSARIO.

Oh ! how lovely
Thoſe eyes can make e'en ſcorn ! Yet calm their lightnings—
Once more let love . . . . .

AMELROSA.

Never—the hours are paſt
When I believed thee all my fond heart wiſhed ;
Thought thee the beſt, the kindeſt, trueſt . . . . . thought thee . . . . .
Oh ! Heaven ! No Eaſtern tale pourtrays the palace
Of fay, or wizard (where in bright confuſion
Blaze gold and gems), ſo glorious-fair, as ſeemed,
Trickt in the rainbow-colours of my fancy,
Cæſario's form this morn !—Too late I know thee ;
The ſpell is broke, and where an Houri ſmiled,
Now ſcowls a fiend. Oh ! thus benighted Pilgrims
Admire the glow-worm's light, while gloom prevails ;

But find that ſeeming lamp of fiery luſtre
A poor dark worthleſs worm, when viewed in ſunſhine.
Away, and ſeek Ottilia.

CÆSARIO.

Oh! my princeſs,
Deep as thy anger wounds my heart, more deeply
I grieve to think, how thine will bleed at finding
This anger undeſerved!

AMELROSA.

Oh! that it were ſo!
But no! I ſaw my ſcarf..... that very ſcarf....
My own hands wrought it.—Many a midnight lamp,
While thou wert at the wars, in toil I waſted,
And made it my ſole joy to toil for thee!
There was no thread I had not bleſt! no flower
had not kiſt a thouſand times, and murmured
With every kiſs a prayer for thy return!
And yet thou gav'ſt this ſacred work to buy
A wanton's favours.....

CÆSARIO.

Say, to buy her ſilence!

AMELROSA.

Her ſilence?

CÆSARIO.

As this morn I left the palace,
She marked my flight.....

AMELROSA.

Juſt heavens!

CÆSARIO.

Though unrequited,
Her love has long been mine.—She raved; ſhe threatened;

She would have vengeance; ſhe would rouſe the guards;
Alarm the king .....

AMELROSA. [*Shuddering.*]

My father!

CÆSARIO.

But her ſilence
Bought by that ſcarf.....

AMELROSA.

Cæſario, could I truſt thee!.....
Were this tale true, could I but think.....

CÆSARIO.

I'll ſwear .....

AMELROSA.

No! at the altar thou haſt ſworn already
Mine were thy hand and heart, and mine for ever:
If thou canſt break *this* oath, none elſe will bind thee—
Yet did I wrong thee? Art thou true? I fain
Would think thee ſo.....But this fond heart, my huſband,
Is ſuch a weak ſad thing, and where it loves,
Loves ſo devoutly.....! Spare me, dear Cæſario,
Such fears in future; let no word no thought,
Cloud thy pure faith, for ſo my ſoul dotes on thee,
But to ſuſpect thee, racks each nerve, and almoſt
Drives my brain mad!—Oh! could'ſt thou know, Cæſario,
How painful 'tis for one who loves like me,
To *ceaſe* to love.....! Ceaſe, ſaid I?—No, my heart
Ceaſed to eſteem, but never ceaſed to love thee.

[*Falling on his neck.*]

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

My ſoul! my Amelroſa!—Now all planets
Rain plagues upon my perjured head, if e'er
I break the vow, which here I breathe!—This heart,
Filled but with thee, and formed but to adore thee,
Is thine, my love! thine now, and thine for ever!

AMELROSA.

Hark!—Steps approach—Eſtella?

ESTELLA [*who has retired, advances haſtily.*]

Haſte, Cæſario!
You muſt away! the King's returned! I ſee
His train now loitering near the garden-gate!
Fly by the private poſtern!

CÆSARIO.

Straight I 'll follow. [*Exit* Eſtella.
And muſt I leave thee, leave thee for ſo long too?
The King's affairs now call me far from Burgos,
And ere we meet again twelve hours muſt paſs.

AMELROSA.

Ah! me! to love an age!

CÆSARIO.

Yet ſhould I leave thee
With calmer ſoul, nor feel ſuch pain in abſence,
Were I but ſure one wiſh . . . . .

AMELROSA. [*Eagerly.*]

Oh! name it, name it!
But aſk me nothing light in action: aſk me
Something ſtrange, hard, and painful! Something, ſuch

As

As none would dare to do but one who loves.
Name, name this bleſſed wiſh!

CÆSARIO.

'Tis this—From midnight,
Till my return, avoid the royal tower.

AMELROSA.

I promiſe; yet what reaſon .....

CÆSARIO.

When we meet
Thou ſhalt know all; till then forgive my ſilence:
Seal with a kiſs thy promiſe, then farewell!

[*Here* ALFONSO *advances in ſilence; his eyes are fixed on his daughter, his hands are folded, and his whole appearance expreſſes the utmoſt dejection.*]

AMELROSA.

Farewell, ſince it muſt be farewell—But mark!
See not Ottilia ere you go!

CÆSARIO.

I will not.

AMELROSA.

And when the bell's deep tongue announces midnight,
Breathe thou my name, for at that hour, my love,
I'll think on thee .... *That* hour? Oh, fool! as if
Hours could be found, in which I think not on thee.
And muſt thou go?—Nay, if thou muſt, away,
Or I ſhall bid thee ſtay, and ſtay for ever!
Farewell, my huſband!

CÆSARIO.

My ſoul's joy, farewell! [*Exit.*

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Oh! pain of parting!

[*Turning round, her eye reſts on* Alfonſo. *She ſtarts, and remains as petrified with terror. After a pauſe, he paſſes her in ſilence; but, on his reaching the door, ſhe ruſhes towards him, her hands claſped in ſupplication.*]

Father!

[Alfonſo *motions to forbid her following, and goes off.*]

AMELROSA.

Oh! I'm loſt! [*She falls ſenſeleſs on the ground.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A chamber in the palace.

Enter OTTILIA *and* INIS.

OTTILIA.

WAS it ſo ſudden?—What! no cauſe aſſigned,
And ſo ſevere a ſhock too?—Truſt me, Inis,
Thy tale alarms me!

INIS.

On the earth we found her
Senſeleſs and cold: we raiſed and bore her hither,
Where ſhe revived only to ſigh and ſorrow,
Wring her fair hands, and ſhriek her father's name.

OTTILIA.

'Tis wondrous ſtrange!—Mourning my own afflictions,
This rumour reached me; ſtraight all elſe forgotten,
Hither by love and duty urged I ſped,
Nor come I truſt in vain.—This phial holds
Drops of moſt precious power.—Good Inis, take it,
And in your lady's drink infuſe this liquid:
My life upon her cure.

INIS.

Obedience beſt
Will ſpeak my thanks, nor doubt .... Lo, where approaches
My lady's ghoſtly father, holy Bazil!

Enter

Enter Father BAZIL.

BAZIL.

Pardon that rudely thus I break your parley;
But from the King I come, to bid the Infanta
Attend him here.—Good Inis, lead me to her.

INIS.

Here lies our way—Again I thank you, lady;
Ere night I'll uſe your gift. [*Exit with* Bazil.

OTTILIA.

And if thou doſt,
Go ring a funeral knell, and get thee mourning,
And gather flowers to ſtrow thy lady's grave:
Thou 'lt gather none ſo ſweet, as that I wither!
—Hark! 'twas her voice.—How at the ſound ſeemed ice
To ſeize my every vein!—My victim comes!
—I cannot bear her ſight!—So young to die!
So young, ſo fair, ſo gentle, and ſo good!
With ſuch an angel's life, and my ſoul's quiet . . . . .
Oh, God! Cæſario, thou art purchaſed dearly. [*Exit.*

Enter AMELROSA, BAZIL, ESTELLA, INIS, *and Attendants.*

BAZIL.

No paſſion flufhed his cheek; his voice, his manner
Though ſolemn, were not ſtern; and when he named you,
A tear guſhed forth, ere he could turn him from me.
Then droop not thus, nor doubt paternal love . . . . .

AMELROSA.

Oh! 'tis that love diſtracts me, for his love
Was love ſo great! 'Twas but this morn he termed me
The only tie which chained him ſtill to life!
And I have broke that tie!

BAZIL.

Nay, gentle Princeſs!

AMELROSA.

Perhaps have broke his heart too! from his lips
Have daſhed Joy's laſt poor lingering drop, and ſhown him,
His only prop was frail as all the former!
Could I but think he felt like *common* parents,
That when he found my fault, affection died,
Then I were bleſt! then *I* alone ſhould ſuffer,
And, when his hatred broke my heart, could ſeek
Some lone ſad place, and lay me down and die!
Alas! alas! I know, I was his darling!
Know, by the joy I gave him once, too well
How ſharp the grief muſt be, I cauſe him now!

BAZIL.

That partial love which cheriſhed thus your virtues,
Will now abſolve your fault.

AMELROSA.

But when he frowns?
I ne'er yet *ſaw* him frown,—but ſure he's dreadful!
Oh! ere I meet thoſe eyes (which yet ne'er viewed me
But their kind language ſpoke uncounted bleſſings)
And find them dark with gloom, and dread with lightnings,
Cloſed be my own in death!—Hark! hark! he comes

In

In all his terrors! comes to ſpurn and drive me
For ever from his ſight.—His frown will kill me!
Shield me, Eſtella, ſhield me!

ALFONSO *enters, followed by* RICARDO *and Courtiers.*

ALFONSO. [*Aſide, looking at* Amelroſa.]
Can it be!
Can ſhe too have deceived . . . . . !—Retire awhile!
[*Exeunt* Eſtella, *&c.*

Manent ALFONSO *and* AMELROSA.

ALFONSO.
Princeſs . . . . . !

AMELROSA.
[*Advancing with timidity, then ruſhing forward, and falling proſtrate at his feet.*]
My Father!—Oh! my Father!

ALFONSO.
Riſe!
Nay riſe: what fear'ſt thou? Wherefore weep, and tremble?
Thou haſt no cauſe for grief! The poiſoned arrow
Has pierced no heart, but mine! Theſe eyes alone
Need weep for what they've ſeen! *Thou* haſt not felt
What 'tis to loſe all faith in man! to ſee
Joy and hope die together; and to find,
When all thy ſoul loved beſt hung on thy neck,
Each kiſs was falſe, and each ſweet ſmile was hollow!
Well! well! 'Tis paſt grief's curing! wondrous bitter,
But muſt be borne! A few ſhort months, and then
The grave mends all.

AMELROSA. [*Aſide.*]

Pangs of the dying ſinner,
Are ye more ſharp than mine!

ALFONSO.

More tears?—Perhaps
You tremble, leſt my regal wrath ſhould cruſh
The audacious ſlave, who ſtole his ſovereign's daughter?
No, Princeſs, no! I can excuſe the youth,
Nor look from mortals for divine forbearance.
A fairer fruit, than ever dragon guarded,
Courting his hand, and hung within his graſp,
He could not chooſe but pluck it.

AMELROSA.

Oh! I would
My heart could ſpring before thine eyes, and ſhow thee
Each word thou utter'ſt, written there in blood!
That it could ſpeak . . . . . !

ALFONSO.

What could it ſay? but plead
The youth's fair form, high fame, and great acquirements!
Gratitude that from ruffian hands he ſaved thee,
Feelings too fond, and thus excuſe thy love!
But could it e'er excuſe thy long diſſembling,
Thy ſeeming confidence, thy vows all broken,
Thy arts to lull me in a bliſsful dream,
From which the waking 's dreadful? Why deceive me?
Why hide as from a foe thy thoughts from me?
Why baniſh me thy boſom? Didſt thou fear me?

Didſt

Didſt fear my power, my pride, my wrath? Oh! was I....
Was I ſo harſh a father, Amelroſa?

AMELROSA. [*Aſide.*]

Heart, ſure thy ſtrings are ſteel, or they would break!

ALFONSO.

Yet 'tis deſerved! I was too fond! too partial!
Still loved thee better than my ſon, whoſe heart
Perhaps this partial love has turned againſt me—
If ſo, my pain is juſt!—Daughter, I 'll chide
No more; nor came I here to chide, but bleſs thee.
This parchment gives thy lord Medina's dukedom,
With all its fair domains; the dowry promiſed,
When my fond boſom hoped that princely Arragon .....
But that's now paſt!—Take it—farewell—be happy——
We meet no more!

AMELROSA. [*Covering her face with her hands.*]

Oh! heaven!

ALFONSO.

'Twere vain, 'twere cruel,
To make thee toil to fan thy love's faint embers,
Since faith is dead; and though I ſtill dote on thee,
I 'll truſt no more—Thy choice is made, and may
That choice prove all thy fondeſt dreams e'er pictured!
Bleſt be thy days as the firſt man's in Eden,
Before ſin was! Be thy brave lord's affection
Firm as his valour, lovely as thy form!
And ſhouldſt thou ever know, with thy whole ſoul
What 'tis to love a child, and hold it dearer!
Than freedom, light, or life ..... Oh! may that darling
Show thee more faith, than thou haſt ſhown to me.
I 've done—Have there the deed—Farewell!

AMELROSA.

[*Graſping the hand which he extends with the parchment, and preſſing it to her lips.*]

Have mercy!

ALFONSO.

Mercy?—On whom?

AMELROSA.

An humbled, breaking heart,
But which, though breaking, loves thee dearly, dearly!
Throw me not from thee!

ALFONSO.

Haſt not all thy wiſhes?
Thy huſband's pardon, honour, wealth, and freedom
To live with whom, and how, and where thou wilt?
What wouldſt thou more?

AMELROSA.

That, without which all theſe
Are nothing, and each ſeeming grace true curſes!
Thy heart! thy heart, my father! Give me that!
Thy whole, whole heart, ſuch as I once poſſeſs'd it,
Soft—kind—indulgent—open—feeling—fond!
'Tis this I aſk,—or, this denied, to die.
Yes! ſtrike me at your foot; ſpurn, trample, cruſh me!
Twiſt in my ſtreaming locks your hand, and drag me,
Till from my wounded boſom ſtreams of blood
Guſh forth, and dye the marble red!—All this
Were far leſs anguiſh to a *generous* ſoul,
Than this ſo torturing love, ſo cruel kindneſs!

ALFONSO.

I will not hear . . . . .

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Oh! leave me not, my father,
Nor bid me leave thee! Let my anguiſh move thee;
Let not, though great, a ſingle error loſe me
The fruits of twenty years paſs'd in thy ſervice,
Which in thy ſervice paſs'd ſeemed ſhort as moments.

ALFONSO.

It muſt not be . . . . .

AMELROSA.

You would, but cannot hide it;
I ſtill am dear! Each look, each feature ſpeaks it,
Speaks too a ſoftening heart—Oh! hear its pleading,
And bid me ſtay! I'll only ſtay to love thee!
Look on me! mark my altered form! obſerve
The ſtrong convulſions of my gaſping boſom!
See my wan cheeks, eyes ſwoln, lips trembling! feel
How ſcalding are the tears with which I dew
This dear, dear hand! Judge by thy own *my* ſufferings,
And bid me ceaſe to ſuffer; when with force,
Such as deſpair alone can give, and louder
Than fiends implore from their volcanic priſons
The Arch-angel's grace, I cry to thee—"Have mercy."—

ALFONSO.

My child . . . . . No, no!—'Twere weakneſs . . . . .

AMELROSA.

Weakneſs, ſaid'ſt thou?
Oh! glorious fault! Oh! fair defect!—Oh! weakneſs
Paſſing all ſtrength! If to forgive be ſin,
How deeply then muſt Heaven have ſinned to man!
Oh! be thy faults like Heaven's! Relent, my father!
Pardon . . . . . ! Oh! ſpeak that word!

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO.

My heart! my heart!
My burſting heart!

AMELROSA.

That word, that bleſſed word,
So quickly ſaid, ſo eaſy, as 'twere magic
Breaks ſorrow's ſpell, and bids her phantoms fly!
That word, that word, that one, one little word,
And I am bleſt!——

ALFONSO.

[*Yielding to his emotions, and claſping her eagerly to his boſom.*]

Be bleſt then! [*Exit.*

AMELROSA.

Now, ye ſtars,
Which nightly grace the ſky, if ye love goodneſs,
Pour dews celeſtial from your golden vials
On yon dear gracious head!—Oh! why is now
My huſband abſent?—Lend thy doves, dear Venus,
That I may ſend them where Cæſario ſtrays;
And while he ſmooths their ſilver wings, and gives them
For drink the honey of his lips, I'll bid them
Coo in his ear, his Amelroſa's happy!
Joy, joy, my ſoul! Bound, my gay dancing heart!
Waft me, ye winds! To bear ſo bleſt a creature
Earth is not worthy! Loved by thoſe I love,
I've all my ſoul e'er wiſhed, my hopes e'er fancied,
My father's friendſhip, and Cæſario's heart!
Leave me but theſe, and, fortune, I defy thee! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The foreſt as before.

Enter CÆSARIO *and* HENRIQUEZ.

CÆSARIO.

He ſpurned him, Marquis, ſpurned him! With ſuch ſcorn,
Such genuine ardent hate, repaid his ſoothing . . . .
Oh! by that hate I feel, the blood which fills
Theſe veins is right Orſino's!

HENRIQUEZ.

'Tis reported,
The King ſhed tears.

CÆSARIO.

Marquis, he wept, fawned, pleaded
Remorſe, and ſued for pardon with ſuch fervour,
As ſtarving ſouls for bread!

HENRIQUEZ.

Did not at this
Orſino's fire melt?

CÆSARIO.

Melt? Like yon fortreſs-rock,
(Which rears its tower-clad front above the billows,
Nor heeds the winds that blow, nor rains that beat,)
Proof againſt tears, and deaf to all entreaties,
Unmoved the ſtern one ſtood, and frowned his anſwer.
Oh! fear not, friend: like me he loaths Alfonſo,
And, when I place revenge within his graſping,
Will ſpring to reach it.

HENRIQUEZ.

'Tis paſt doubt, his aid
Were to our cauſe a tower of ſtrength; yet ſtill
I fear, leſt . . . . . Some one leaves the cave!—'Tis he!
I'll wait beneath yon limes. [*Exit.*

ORSINO *enters from the cave.*

CÆSARIO.

Now by my life
A noble ruin!

ORSINO.

I return to Burgos?
For what? To ſhow my ſcars, and hear Court-Ladies
Rail at the wars for making men ſo hideous?
To bear the coxcomb's ſneer, the minion's fawning,
And ſee fools ſweetly ſmile at my good fortune,
Who, when my death was ſigned, ſmiled full as ſweetly?
No, no, I'll none on't.—[*Seeing* Cæſario.]—Plagues and fiends! another?
More gold and ſilk! more muſk, fair words, and lying!
Will theſe Court-flies ne'er ceaſe to buz around me?
Well, Sir, what ſeek ye here?

CÆSARIO.

Revenge!

ORSINO.

Indeed?
On whom?

CÆSARIO.

On lawleſs Power!—Aſk ye for what?
A Father's wrongs and Mother's murder!

ORSINO.

ORSINO. [*Starting.*]

How?

That voice . . . . . Let me look on thee well—Thoſe lips;
Thoſe eyes . . . . . Oh! Heaven, thoſe eyes too!—I ne'er
ſaw
But one have eyes like thine, an earthly angel,
And with the angels now!—Fair youth, who art thou?

CÆSARIO.

Speaks not thy heart . . . . .

ORSINO.

It does, youth, Oh! it does;
But I'll not truſt it, for if falſe its whiſpers
So ſweet, ſo painful-ſweet . . . . . ! Dear good youth,
tell me,
Spare a poor broken heart, and tell me quickly
Thy father's name.

CÆSARIO.

My father? Oh! that was
A man indeed, and model for all others!
His country's ſword! his country's ſhield! an hero!
A demi-god!——And, great as were his actions,
So were his wrongs!

ORSINO.

His name! His name!

CÆSARIO. [*Ruſhing into his arms.*]

Orſino!

ORSINO.

I have him! hold him here!—Death alone parts us,
My ſon! Victoria's ſon!—Come, come, my boy,
Kneel at this tomb with me; join thou my ſuit
For the bleſt duſt beneath, and read through tears

Here ſleeps thy mother. Wandering forth to ſeek her,
Unknown her fate and thine, chance led me hither:
I marked yon tablet, read yon piteous lines,
Threw thoſe now uſeleſs arms for ever from me,
Sank on Victoria's grave, nor left it more.
Yet, yet I died not!—Amelroſa's kindneſs,
Which gave me freedom, traced me to this ſpot,
And ſaved my life, my wretched life, which ſtill
I only uſe to mourn thy loſs, Victoria!
Know'ſt thou, my boy, when her eyes cloſed for ever,
Whoſe hand .....

CÆSARIO.

Her ſon's!——

ORSINO. [*Graſping* Cæſario's *hand.*]

Was 't thine?

CÆSARIO.

'Twas mine too raiſed
Yon ruſtic tomb, and 'twas this cave received her
When, deſperate at your loſs, ſhe fled the Court;
Here long ſhe ſorrowed, here at length ſhe died,
Died of a broken heart!—Aye, weep, my father;
For know the King ſhall pay each tear thou ſhedd'ſt
With drops of blood!

ORSINO.

The King?—Boy, name him not!
That ſound is poiſon!—I was once ſo happy!
Was once ſo rich!—And that one man ſtole all!
My curſe be on him!

CÆSARIO.

Man, thy curſe is heard.

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Is heard? What mean'ſt thou?

CÆSARIO.

Vengeance! Hark, Orſino——
Soon as my mother died, (believed Cæſario,
A young unknown) I ſought the Court, where chance
Gave me from ruffian-Moors to ſave the Princeſs.
This made Alfonſo mine, and ſtill I 've uſed him
To further mine own ends. Joy, joy, my father!
My plots are ripe, the King's beſt troops corrupted,
His ſon too through my arts declared a rebel,
And ere two nights are paſt, I 'll ſtrip the tyrant
Both of his throne and life—Rouſe then, and aid . . . . .!
Now, ſir? Why gaze you thus?

ORSINO.

I fain would doubt it,
Fain find ſome plea . . . . . No, no! each look, each feature,
And my own heart . . . . . 'Tis true; thou art my ſon!

CÆSARIO.

What mean you?

ORSINO. [*Paſſionately.*]

Art my ſon, and yet a villain!

CÆSARIO. [*Starting.*]

Villain?

ORSINO.

Deſtroy Alfonſo?—What! Alfonſo
The wiſe, the good?

CÆSARIO.

With thee then was he either?
Has he not wronged thee?

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Deeply, boy, moſt deeply!——
But in his whole wide kingdom none but me!
Look through Caſtile! See all ſmile, bloom, and flouriſh!
No peaſant ſleeps ere he has breathed a bleſſing
On his good King!—No thirſt of power, falſe pride,
Or martial rage he knows; nor would he ſhed
One drop of ſubject-blood to buy the title
Of a new Mars! E'en broken-hearted widows
And childleſs mothers, while they weep the ſlain,
Curſing the wars, confeſs his cauſe was juſt!
Such is Alfonſo, ſuch the man whoſe virtues
Now fill thy throne, Caſtile, to bleſs thy children!
What ſhows the adverſe ſcale? What find we there?
My ſufferings! Mine alone! And what am *I*,
That I ſhould weigh me 'gainſt the public welfare?
What are my wrongs againſt a monarch's rights?
What is my curſe againſt a nation's bleſſings?

CÆSARIO.

Yet hear me.....

ORSINO.

I aſſiſt your plots? *I* injure
One hair that 's nouriſhed with Alfonſo's blood?
No! The wronged ſubject hates the ungrateful maſter,
But the world's friend muſt love the Patriot King.

CÆSARIO.

Amazement! Can it be Orſino ſpeaking?
'Tis ſome Court minion ſure, ſome tool of office,
Some thread-bare muſe penſioned to praiſe the throne.

This cannot be the man, whose burning vengeance,
Whose fixed aversion ——

ORSINO.

Boy, 'tis fixed as ever!
Alfonso's sight, his name, his very goodness
Forcing my praise, torture my soul to madness.
I hate him! hate him!—but still own his virtues;
And though I hate, Oh! Bless the good King, Heaven!

CÆSARIO.

Oh! most strange patience! most rare stretch of temper!
What! Bless the man, who thought you treacherous, base,
Ungrateful!

ORSINO.

And because he thought me such,
(Remembering only what his fault deserves,
Forgetting all that 's due to mine own honour,)
Shall I become the wretched thing he thought me?
Prove his suspicions just? quit the proud station
Where injured virtue towers, and sink me down to
His level who oppress'd me? Oh! Not so!——
When hostile arms strain every nerve to crush me,
Pang follows pang, and wrong to wrong succeeds
Piled like the Alps, each loftier than the last one:
To pay those wrongs with good, those pangs with kindness,
To raise the foe once fallen, bind his gored breast,
And heap with generous zeal favours on favours,
Till his repentant spirit melts, and bleeds

To

To think he ever pained an heart like mine,
Such is *my* hate! ſuch my proud ſoul's whole object!
The only vengeance *noble* minds ſhould take.

CÆSARIO.

Farewell then, ſince far other hate is mine,
And aſks far other vengeance.—I'll to ſeek it!

ORSINO.

Stay, youth, and hear me! Ere you quit this ſpot
(Since virtue has no power to chain or awe thee)
Swear to forego thy traitorous ſchemes, or ſtraight
I'll ſeek the King .....

CÆSARIO.

You dare not! No, you dare not!
Nay, ſtart not! I but know my power, and uſe it.
Look on theſe lips and eyes! they are Victoria's!
And ſhall Victoria's lips be ſealed for ever?
And ſhall Victoria's eyes be cloſed in death?
E'en while you rage, with looks ſo fond you eye me,
They ſpeak, your love will guaranty your ſilence.

ORSINO.

'Tis true, too true! But, dear and cruel boy,
Though threats ſucceed not, let theſe tears prevail,
Tears for thy dying virtue—Oh! look round thee;
See to mankind what curſes bad Kings are,
And learn from them the bleſſing of a good one!

CÆSARIO.

Father, in vain you urge me! Know, I've ſworn
Alfonſo's death! my mother's ſhade demands it;
Who aſked that promiſe, with an oath confirmed,
And what ſhe aſked I gave!

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Oh! Wherefore didſt thou?
Since ſhe required an oath to ſeal thy promiſe,
Thou ſhouldſt have known thy promiſe muſt be wrong.
Virtue and truth are in themſelves convincing,
Nor need the feeble ſanction of man's lips,—
As the ſun needs no aid from foreign orbs,
Itſelf a fire-formed world of light and glory.
What meant thine oath? What meant thoſe magic words,
Save by thy lips to bind thy hand to do,
What makes each wiſe head ſhake, each good heart ſhudder?
Thy impious vow.....

CÆSARIO.

Impious or juſt, once ſworn,
To break it ſure were ſhame!

ORSINO.

My ſon, 't were virtue,
When to perform it were the worſt of crimes.
'Twas wrong to ſwear; be with that wrong contented;
A ſecond fault cannot make right the firſt,
And acts of guilt abſolve no act of folly*.

CÆSARIO.

Guilt? Then we jar for words! I ſee but glory,
Where thou ſee'ſt guilt! Yet call it what thou wilt;
I *may* be guilty, but I *muſt* be great.

* Promiſes are not binding, where the performance is unlawful: the guilt of ſuch promiſes is in the making, not in the breaking them.

"Promiſſory *oaths* are not binding where the promiſe itſelf would not be ſo.—Thus Jephthah's vow was not binding, becauſe the performance in that contingency became unlawful."—*Paley's Philoſophy.*

ORSINO.

A dreadful word!

CÆSARIO.

A Crown! A Crown invites me!
A glorious Crown!

ORSINO.

Glorious? Oh! No! True glory
Is not to *wear* a Crown, but to *deserve* one.
The peasant-swain, who leads a good man's life,
And dies at last a good man's death, obtains
In wisdom's eye wreaths of far brighter splendour,
Than he whose wanton pride and thirst for empire
Make kings his captives, and lay waste a world.

CÆSARIO.

And is 't not glorious then to bless my country
By just and gentle ruling! fight her battles!
Preserve her laws.....?

ORSINO.

Thou, thou preserve her laws?
Thou fight her battles, thou? I tell thee, boy,
The hand which serves its Country should be pure!
Ambition, selfish love, vain lust of power
Ravage thy head and heart! and would'st thou hold
The judgment-balance with an hand still red
With royal blood? Would'st thou dare speak a penance
On guilt, thyself so guilty? Canst thou hope,
Castile will trust her to thee? God forbid!
Mad is that nation, mad past thought of cure,
Past chains and dungeons, whips, spare food, and fasting,
Who yields the immoral man a patriot's name,

And

And looks in private vice for public virtue!
Thou play the patriot's part? Away! Away!
Who *wounds* his Country is the worſt of monſters;
But good men only ſhould *preſume* to *ſerve* her—
Thy guilt once ſeen .....

CÆSARIO.

And who ſhall ſee that guilt
When wrapt in purple, and the world's eye dazzled
By the o'er-powering blaze a Crown emits?—
What pilgrim, gazing on ſome awful torrent,
Thinks through what roads it paſs'd? Let golden fortune
But ſmile propitious on my daring crimes,
And all my crimes are virtues!—Mark this, father!
The world ne'er holds thoſe guilty, who ſucceed. [*Exit.*

ORSINO. [*Alone.*]

How ſhall I act?—He ſaid, within two nights!—
Whate'er is done, muſt be done ſoon—Oh! how,
How ſhall I thread this labyrinth! How contrive
To ſave my King, yet not deſtroy my ſon!
The Princeſs?—Ha! Well thought!—It ſhall be ſo.
I 'll ſeek her, and Alfonſo's life preſerved,
At once ſhall pay her kindneſs for my freedom,
And buy my ſon's full pardon!—Yes, I 'll haſte,
And ſnatch my ſovereign from this gulph of ruin,
I, I the Atlas of his tottering throne—
Proſperous, I ſhunned; Unhappy, I forgive him;
He reigned, I ſcorned his power—He ſinks, I 'll ſave him.
[*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Amelroſa's chamber.

AMELROSA [*in white robes, and crowned with flowers*], ESTELLA [*with a letter*].

AMELROSA.

'TIS ſtrange!—At this late hour!—In armour ſay'ſt thou?

ESTELLA.

In ſable armour; round his neck was ſlung
A bugle-horn.—In courteous guiſe he prayed me
Give you this note unſeen.

AMELROSA.

Unſeen?—How 's this? [*Reading*]
"One, not unknown, requeſts an immediate audience
"on matters moſt important: Princeſs, delay not, as you
"value your father's life."
Not ſigned?—My father's life! Eſtella, ſay,
Did he not tell his name?

ESTELLA.

He ſaid this jewel
Would ſpeak, whence came his letter.

AMELROSA.

Ha!—The ring
I gave Orſino!—Quickly ſeek yon ſtranger,

And

And charge him wait me at St. Juan's Chapel;
For there to pass the night in grateful prayer,
E'en now I go——Friend, speed thee! [*Exit* Estella.

AMELROSA. [*Alone.*]

Doubt and terror.....
My father's life?—And yet, for such a father
What need I fear? Heaven will defend its own,
And wings of seraphs shield that King from harm,
Whose proudest title is—"His People's Father,"
Whose dearest treasure is his people's love! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

St. Juan's cloisters by moon-light.—On one side a Gothic chapel.

ORSINO. [*Alone in black armour.*]

Yes, this must be the place—Estella named
St. Juan's shrine, and sure 'tis for the Princess
Yon altar flames—Oh! hallowed vaults, how often
Ye ring with prayers, which granted would destroy
The fools who form them *! Virgins there request
Their charms may fire the heart of some gay rake,
Who proves a wedded curse—There wives ask children,
And, when they have them, find their vices such
They mourn their birth—The spendthrift begs some kinsman
May die, and vows that Heaven shall share the spoil—
While the young soldier prays his sword ere long

* Vide Juvenal. Satire 10.

May

May bluſh with blood, (and with whoſe blood he cares not,)
Swearing, if ſo his arm may purchaſe glory,
He'll pay its price, a thouſand human hearts.
And all theſe mad, theſe impious vows are uſhered
With chaunt of cloiſtered maids, and ſwell of organs—
As could our earthly ſongs charm Him, who hears
Seraphs and cherubs wake their harps divine,
While the bleſt planets, hymning in their orbits,
Pour forth ſuch tones, as reached they mortal ears,
Man would go mad for very ecſtaſy!—
Well, well! Such forms are good to force example
On purblind eyes: But prayer from earth abſtracted,
Breathed in no ear but Heaven's *; when lips are ſilent,
But the heart ſpeaks full loudly; thanks the muſic,
Man's ſoul the cenſer, and pure thoughts the incenſe
Kindling with grace celeſtial: That's the worſhip,
Which ſuits Him beſt who, paſt all prayer and praiſe,
Eſteems one grateful tear, one heart-drawn bleſſing,
Which, thanking God, declares that Man is happy.
—Ha! Gleams of torches gild yon diſtant aiſle!

Enter Father BAZIL.

BAZIL.

Stranger, what doſt thou here, where now to offer
Gifts at yon ſhrine for wondrous favour ſhown her,
The Princeſs haſtens?—See ſhe comes: retire!

* St. Matthew, c. vi. v. 6; "When thou prayeſt, enter into thy cloſet, and when thou haſt ſhut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in ſecret; and thy Father which ſeeth in ſecret ſhall reward thee openly."

ORSINO.

Your pardon, reverend father! I obey. [*Exit* Orſino.

A proceſſion enters of Nuns and Friars with lighted tapers; then follow AMELROSA, ESTELLA, INIS, *and Ladies, carrying offerings.*

AMELROSA.

I thank ye, holy friends!—Now leave me here,
Where I muſt watch the livelong night, and feed
You ſacred lamps, telling each hour my beads,
And pouring thanks to Heaven and good St. Juan.
Till morn farewell——

BAZIL.

May angels guard thee, daughter,
Pure as thy thoughts, and join thee in thy prayers!
[*Exeunt.*

AMELROSA. [*Alone.*]

He is not here—Oh! How my boſom throbs
To know this fearful ſecret! Sure he cannot
Have miſſed the place?

ORSINO. [*Entering.*]

All 's dark again, and ſilent.
Perhaps her courage failed her, and ſhe 's gone.
If ſo, what muſt be done?—No, no! A ſhadow
Moves on the chapel porch! 'Tis ſurely ſhe.

AMELROSA.

Hark!—Steps!——Orſino?

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

He.

AMELROSA.

Oh! good Orſino,
What brings thee here? Thoſe words, "My father's life!"
Like ſpells by witches breathed to raiſe the dead,
Filled my heart's circle with a crowd of phantoms,
Doleful and ſtrange, which groan to be releaſed.
Thy news! thy news! Oh, ſpeak them in one word,
And let me know the worſt!

ORSINO.

Thy fears, though great,
Are juſtified by that I have to tell.
Princeſs, a plot is formed, and ripe for action,
To ſpoil thy father of his throne and life.

AMELROSA.

My father! my good father?

ORSINO.

What can goodneſs
And moral duties 'gainſt the aſſaults of paſſion?
Thoſe chains, e'en when they ſeem than diamond harder,
Soften, calcine, and fall like duſt away,
Touched by the burning finger of ambition.

AMELROSA.

This vile, vile world! Oh! is there one on earth
So loſt to virtue, he would harm my father!

ORSINO.

There is, and one moſt favoured! one who owns
He long has lived neareſt Alfonſo's heart;

His

His friend, his truſted friend! and yet this traitor,
This worſt of traitors .... (ſhame denies me utterance!)
This traitor, Princeſs, is Orſino's ſon!

AMELROSA.

Thy ſon? thy long loſt ſon?

ORSINO.

Long loſt, late found,
And better than found thus, if loſt for ever!
Go, Princeſs, go; preſerve your ſire:—I lay
Bound at my ſovereign's feet this precious victim—
Yet while you paint the ſon's offence, paint alſo
His father's anguiſh! Plead for him, dear lady,
Oh! plead for him, and ſave him! ſince I own,
(Own it with ſhame) dearer than air or eye-ſight
I love, I dote upon Cæſario!

AMELROSA. [*Starting.*]

Whom?

ORSINO.

Cæſario is his name.

AMELROSA.

'Tis not! 'tis not!
Or, if it be, it means not *that* Cæſario!
Not *my* Cæſario! No, no, no!

ORSINO.

A ſoldier,
Who ſays he ſaved thee once .....

AMELROSA.

Peace! death-bell, peace!
Thou ring'ſt the knell of all my joys!

ORSINO.

What mean'ſt thou?
What ſudden paſſion .....

AMELROSA.

Hear me, wretched father!
This ſon, now guilty thought, but guiltier far,
(Who knows with what idolatry I dote on
My father, and yet plots to tear him from me!)
Is one, to buy whoſe barbarous heart, I ſpurned
All the world prizes—fame, reſpect, and empire!
Nay, riſqued my father's love! This man, this man . . . .
He is . . . . Oh Heaven! . . . My huſband!

ORSINO. [*Striking his forehead.*]

Slave!—Wretch!—Fiend!——
And yet Orſino's ſon!—— Alas? Poor Princeſs!
Gav'ſt thou him all, and rends he all from thee?
Was he thy love, and would he be thy bane?
Has he thy heart, and ſtabs it? Now, all plagues
Hell ever forged for dæmons, light . . .

AMELROSA.

Hold! hold!
Oh! curſe him not—No, ſave him! Some one comes . . .
We ſhall be marked . . . This way, and let us ſtudy
How we may reſcue beſt . . . . .

ORSINO.

No! let him periſh!
Periſh, and ſeek the flames his guilt deſerves:
The ſooner, 'tis the better!

AMELROSA.

Silence, ſilence!
Dear friend, this way—be patient!—Oh! Cæſario,
And couldſt thou have the heart to torture mine!

[*Exeunt.*

CÆSARIO *enters muffled in his cloak.*

CÆSARIO.

Not come yet? 'Tis paſt midnight, and 'twas here
She bade me join her.—Ha! why flame yon lamps?
Should any loitering monk ... No, no, 'tis vacant,
And all as yet is ſafe.——Fate! let this hour
Be mine, and with the reſt do what thou wilt.
I hear her!—To my work then!—Why this ſhivering?
—I would fain ſpare her.—If ſhe yields to reaſon
'Tis well; if not..... She 's here.

Enter OTTILIA.

I find thee punctual!
'Tis well for thee thou art ſo! By my life,
If thou hadſt failed me, I had fought the King!
Where is the prieſt?—On to the chapel!

CÆSARIO.

Stay,
And hear me! for the hour is come, that weighs
Our fates in the ſame balance. Thus then briefly——
Thou art moſt fair, in wit moſt choice and ſubtle;
In all rare talents ſtill ſurpaſſing all;
And for theſe gifts, and thy long tried affection,
I feel, I owe thee much! owe thee firm friendſhip,
Eternal gratitude, faith, favour, love,
And all things, ſave my hand! Except but this,
(Which now I muſt not give, nor couldſt thou take)
And aſk what elſe thou wilt!

OTTILIA.

Moſt gracious ſir,
For thy fair praiſe, and theſe ſo liberal offers
Of granting all, ſave that which I would have,

Accept my thanks. I've heard thee; now hear me.
I'll be thy wife, or nothing!

CÆSARIO.

Lady, lady,
You know not what you aſk!

OTTILIA.

I know myſelf
Worthy of what I aſk, and know my power,
Which you, it ſeems, forget.—Is not my dowry
Your life and crown? Let me but ſpeak one word,
And ſtraight your fancied throne becomes a ſcaffold!
No more, but to the chapel.

CÆSARIO.

If to move thee
Ought would avail....

OTTILIA.

It cannot.

CÆSARIO.

Once a king....

OTTILIA.

I ſhare thy throne.

CÆSARIO.

'Mid all Caſtile's firſt honours
Make thou thy choice.....

OTTILIA.

'Tis made.

CÆSARIO.

And ſtill remaining
My friend, my love....

OTTILIA.

Thy wife! thy wife! or nothing!

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Nay, then I 'll crush thy frantic hopes at once:
I'm married!

OTTILIA. *Starting.*]

What?—I hope thou dost but feign;
For *thy* sake hope it, since, if true this marriage,
Thou 'rt lost past saving!

CÆSARIO.

Nay, unbend thy brow,
Nor stamp, nor rave—the Princess is my wife,
And frowns unbind not whom the church hath bound.
The javelin 's thrown, and cannot be recalled;—
Thine be the second prize, the first is won,
And all thy grief and rage, that 'tis another's,
Will but torment thyself.—Be wise, be wise,
And bear with patience what thou canst not cure.

OTTILIA.

I will not curse!—No; I 'll not waste in vapour
The fire, which burns within me. What I feel,
My deeds will tell thee best. [*Going.*]

CÆSARIO. [*Detaining her.*]

Ottilia, stay;
If yet one spark of love remains....

OTTILIA. [*Passionately.*]

Of love?
Of love for thee?—Mark me! ere sets the sun
My rival dies, and thou once more art free:
But now so deadly is the hate I bear thee,
'Twill joy me less to see thee mine, than dead!
Thy blood! thy blood! 'Tis for thy blood I thirst,
And it shall stream.—Farewell.

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Go then, proud woman,
I brave thy rancour——Ere thou gain'ſt the palace,
I'll ſpring the mine.

OTTILIA.

Indeed? Now hark awhile,
Then die for ſpite, thou baſe, thou baffled traitor!
Six truſty ſlaves wait but my call to bind
And bear thee to the King!—Aye, rage, rage, rage!
For I'll invent ſuch tortures to diſpatch thee,
Such racks, ſuch whips, ſuch baths of boiling ſulphur,
The damned ſhall think their pains mere mirth and paſtime,
And envying furies own their ſkill outdone.
I go to prove my words!

CÆSARIO.

Thou muſt not leave me.....

OTTILIA.

Worlds ſhould not bribe my ſtay.....

CÆSARIO.

Thou 'rt in my power.....

OTTILIA.

Thy power? Thy power? I brave it! I defy it,
Scorn both thy power and thee! Unhand me, ruffian,
I'll not be held—Within there! Haſten hither!
Anthonio! Lopez!—Treaſon! Treaſon!

CÆSARIO.

Nay then,
This to thy heart——[*Stabbing her.*]

OTTILIA.

Help, help! Oh! vile aſſaſſin!

Enter

Enter ORSINO. [*Haſtily.*]

ORSINO.

What clamours ..... Hold! You paſs not!

CÆSARIO.

Give me way,
Or elſe thy life .....

ORSINO.

Ruffian, defend thine own! [*Exeunt fighting.*

OTTILIA. [*Alone, leaning againſt a pillar.*]

My blood ſtreams faſt! I'm wounded ... deeply wounded!——
My voice too fails: I cannot call for help.
To hope for life were vain; but for revenge .....
Could I but reach the palace ..... [*Advancing a few ſteps, then ſinking on the ground.*] 'Twill not be!
I faint!——Oh, Heaven!

Enter AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

All 's huſhed again! How fearful
After thoſe ſhrieks appears the midnight calm!
—Orſino?—Speak! Orſino?—No one anſwers.
What can this mean?

OTTILIA.

Fainter and fainter ſtill!——
And no one comes!—

AMELROSA.

Hark! 'Twas a groan! whence came it? [*Seeing* Ottilia.] Stranger, look up!

OTTILIA.

OTTILIA.

A voice! Oh! bleſſed ſound!
Whoe'er thou art, mark well my dying words;
A villain's hand..... I 'm wounded.....

AMELROSA.

Gracious Heaven!
Oh! let me fly for aid.....

OTTILIA.

All aid were vain.
Stay! Mark! Revenge!—[*Taking a paper from her boſom.*]
This paper... take it... bear it
Swift to the Royal Tower—loſe not a moment—
Inſiſt to ſee the King—take no denial,
For 'tis of moſt dear import.

AMELROSA.

Sure! It muſt be...?
Ottilia!

OTTILIA. [*Starting up wildly.*]

Heaven, who ſpeaks? 'Tis ſhe herſelf!
My victim, 'tis my victim!—Doſt thou live then?
Haſt thou eſcaped..... Spare me, thou God of mercy!
Oh! ſpare me this one crime!——

AMELROSA.

What means this paſſion?
How wild ſhe eyes me! How ſhe graſps my hand!

OTTILIA.

Anſwer, and bleſs me! Say thou didſt not drink it!
Say Inis did not... While I ſpeak, the blood
Fades from thy cheek! Thine eyes cloſe! Dying pangs
Diſtort thy features! Pangs like thoſe which ſhortened

His life, whoſe angry ghoſt, grim, fierce, and ghaſtly,
Comes gliding yonder! See his livid finger
Points to the poiſoned cup! He frowns and threatens!
Pray for me, angel! Pray for me! I dare not!

AMELROSA.

Alas! poor wretch!

OTTILIA.

Help! help! The ſpectre graſps me,
And folds me to his breaſt, where the worm feeds!
He tears my heart-ſtrings!—Now he ſinks, he ſinks,
And ſinking graſps me ſtill! and drags me down with him,
A thouſand fathom deep!—Oh! loſt! loſt! loſt. [*Dies.*

AMELROSA.

She 's gone!—Sure earth affords no ſight more awful,
Than when a ſinner dies——She named the King!——
Perhaps this writing. , . . . By yon favouring lamp
I 'll find its meaning. [*Aſcending the chapel ſteps.*

Enter ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Aided by the night
The villain has eſcaped me. [*Seeing* Amelroſa, *who, while reading by the lamp ſuſpended in the chapel-porch, expreſſes the moſt violent agitation.*] Princeſs!—Ha!
Why thus alarmed?—[Amelroſa *gives him the paper in ſilence, with a look of agony.*] This paper?—Heaven, what 's this? [*Reading.*]
——"My King, Cæſario plots your deſtruction:—A

" mine is formed in the Claudian vaults, beneath the
" Royal Tower, and which the conſpirators mean to
" ſpring this night. This warning will enable you to
" defeat their purpoſe: Accept it as an atonement for
" the crimes of the dying Guzman. The mine is appoint-
" ed to be ſprung, when the clock ſtrikes one."—

[*The letter falls from his hand.*

AMELROSA. [*Ruſhing from the chapel in deſpair.*]

One! One!—'Tis that already!—Oh! He 's loſt!
My father's loſt!—Ere we can reach his chamber,
Twill ſink in flames!

ORSINO.

That muſt be tried—Say, Princeſs,
How may I gain admittance to the King,
Nor meet delay?

AMELROSA.

This ſignet . . . [*Giving a ring.*]

ORSINO.

'Tis enough.
Know you the Claudian vaults?

AMELROSA.

I do.

ORSINO.

Away then!
Reach them with ſpeed! cling round Cæſario, kneel,
Weep, threaten, ſoothe, implore! to rouſe his feelings
Uſe every art; at leaſt delay his purpoſe,
Till thou ſhalt hear this bugle ſound; that ſignal
Shall ſpeak Alfonſo ſafe.—Farewell.

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Oh! Heaven!
Oh! dreadful hour!

ORSINO.

Take heart: if time allows me,
I'll ſave thy father: if too late...

AMELROSA.

Then, then,
What then wilt do?

ORSINO.

What? Plunge into the flames,
And periſh with my King!—Away! away!

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

A cavern.

Enter MELCHIOR *with a lamp, as from an inner cavern.*

MELCHIOR.

Huſh!—No, he comes not! Sure 'tis near the time.
A light!—Who 's there?—Henriquez?

Enter HENRIQUEZ, *lighted by* LUCIO.

HENRIQUEZ.

Aye, the ſame.

MELCHIOR.

Now, Lucio, where 's thy lord?

LUCIO.

He charged me tell you,
He would not fail at one.

MELCHIOL.

The reſt wait yonder.
Gomez, Sebaſtian, Marcos, none are wanting;
Our Chief alone is abſent.

HENRIQUEZ.

He 'll not tarry.
Lead to the inner vault, I 'll wait him there. [*Exeunt.*

Enter AMELROSA.

AMELROSA.

Thoſe gleams of light .... I muſt be near the place.
—Voices !—I'll on !—Oh ! Heaven ! I can no further.
—I faint !—I die !—[*Catching at a fragment of the cave, againſt which ſhe leans as ſtupefied.—A pauſe.—The bell ſtrikes One.*]
Hark ! the bell gives the ſignal !
Oh ! for a moment's ſtrength ..... Hold, murderers, hold ! [*Ruſhes off.*

SCENE IV.

[*The inner cavern, partially lighted with lamps. In the middle, folding-doors guarded with iron-bars.—On one ſide a rough hewn ſtaircaſe leading to a ſmall door above.*]

GOMEZ, MARCOS, *and Conſpirators, diſcovered in liſtening attitudes.*

GOMEZ.

'Tis ſtrange ! the time is paſt .... and yet not here ?

MARCOS.

Henriquez too is abſent.

GOMEZ.

GOMEZ.

Steps approach. [*Knocking at the folding-door.*]
Who knocks?

HENRIQUEZ. [*Without.*]

A friend.

MARCOS.

The paſs word.

HENRIQUEZ.

Empire!

GOMEZ.

Open.

[Marcos *unbars the door.*]

HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR, *and* LUCIO, *enter through the folding-doors, which* Marcos *again cloſes.*

GOMEZ.

Friends, welcome! Melchior, is thy work complete?

MELCHIOR.

Complete, and fit for ſpringing—Nought is wanting—
The train is laid; one ſpark, and all is done.
Our Chief alone....

GOMEZ.

The private door unlocks!

HENRIQUEZ.

Cæſario only has the key.

MELCHIOR.

'Tis he!

[CÆSARIO *deſcends the ſtaircaſe ſwiftly; his looks are wild; his hair flows looſe, and he graſps a bloody dagger.*]

All.

Welcome, Cæſario, welcome!

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Aye, ſhout, ſhout,
And kneeling greet your blood-anointed king,
This ſteel his ſceptre! Tremble, dwarfs in guilt,
And own your maſter! Thou art proof, Henriquez,
Gainſt pity; I once ſaw thee ſtab in battle
A page who claſped thy knees: And Melchior there
Made quick work with a brother whom he hated.
But what did *I* this night? Hear, hear, and reverence!
There was a breaſt, on which my head had reſted
A thouſand times; a breaſt, which loved me fondly,
As Heaven loves martyred ſaints; and yet this breaſt
I ſtabbed, knaves, ſtabbed it to the heart! Wine! wine there!
For my ſoul's joyous! [Gomez *brings a goblet.*]

HENRIQUEZ.

Friend, what means this phrenſy?
What haſt thou done? Where is Ottilia?

CÆSARIO. [*Daſhing down the goblet.*]

Dead!
Dead, Marquis!—At that word how the vault rings,
And the ground ſhakes! It ſhall not ſhake my purpoſe.
Murder and I are grown familiar, friends;
The aſſaſſin's trade is ſweet! I've taſted blood,
And thirſt for more! Say, is the mine.....

MELCHIOR.

All's ready—

CÆSARIO.

Who fires the train?

HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR. *and all the Conſpirators.*

I!—— I!——

CÆSARIO.

Oh! cheerful cry!
Oh! glorious ſtrife for guilt! Let each man throw
His dagger in my caſque; be his the ſervice,
Whoſe ſteel I draw.

HENRIQUEZ.

'Tis mine——

CÆSARIO. [*To* Lucio.]

Thy torch, boy! [*Giving it to* Henriquez.] Take it,
Here lies thy way—ſpeed, ſpeed, and let yon vaults,
Shivering in fragments, tell my raviſhed ear
Alfonſo dies! Away! away!——[*On his throwing open the folding doors,* Amelroſa *is diſcovered.*]

AMELROSA.

Forbear!

All.

The Princeſs!

AMELROSA.

No! no Princeſs; 'tis a daughter,
Fierce through deſpair, frantic with fear and anguiſh.
Hear me, ye dread unknown! Yon flinty man
Ne'er knew a father's care, and knows not now
What 'tis to *love*, what 'tis to *loſe* a father!
But ye (if e'er a parent's hand hath dried
Your infant tears; if e'er your eyes have ſtreamed
To ſee him weep, knowing your hand but ſcarred
Gave him more pain, than his own heart torn piecemeal.)
Oh! ſpare my father! Bid thoſe hours revive
Which filial love once bleſs'd; recall youth's feelings,
And by thoſe feelings learn to pity mine.
Spare, ſpare my father!

CÆSARIO. [*Struggling to conceal his confuſion.*]
Spare him? Sure thou rav'ſt!
What fears my gentle love?

AMELROSA.
I'm not thy love!
Not gentle! Strange deſpair has changed my nature;
Steeled my ſoft boſom, braced my woman's nerves,
And brought me here, prepared and proud to periſh,
If my heart's blood may ſave my ſire's from ſtreaming.
The ſavage tigreſs guards her new-born young
With tendereſt, fierceſt care; the timorous ſwallow,
If robber-hands approach her brood, defends it
With eagle-fury; and what brutes will do
To guard their offspring, born perhaps that day,
Shall *I* not do for one, to whom I owe
Full twenty years of love?—Cæſario, mark me,
For by Heaven's Hoſt, no power ſhall move my purpoſe:
Or thou muſt ſave my ſire, or murder me.

HENRIQUEZ.
What muſt be done?

MELCHIOR.
Time preſſes!

CÆSARIO. [*Recovering from his ſtupor.*]
Fire the train!

AMELROSA.
[*Interpoſing between the inner vault and* Henriquez.]
He ſhall not!

CÆSARIO.
Amelroſa!

AMELROSA.
No! he ſhall not!
Back, ruffian, back! and throw that torch away,
Which

Which burns to light my father's funeral pile:
Here I'll defy thy rage, thus check thy malice,
Thus bar thy road, and, if thou needs wilt paſs,
Make thee a way by trampling on my corſe!
I ſtir not elſe!

CÆSARIO.

Nay, then I 'll uſe my power,
And, as thy huſband, now command thee.....

AMELROSA.

Thou?
Man, thou canſt not command me!

CÆSARIO.

Art thou not
My wife?

AMELROSA.

I am; but ere I was a wife,
I was a daughter, was a ſubject; nay,
Am ſtill a Princeſs, and as ſuch command
Thee, traitor! thee! and bid thee turn from evil.
[*To* Henriquez.]—Away! You paſs not!

CÆSARIO.

Force her from the door!

AMELROSA. [*Clinging to a column.*]

Oh! for the Hebrew's ſtrength to ſhake yon vaults,
And cruſh theſe traitors and myſelf!

MELCHIOR.

In vain
You ſtruggle.

AMELROSA.

Cut my hands off! ſtab me! kill me!

[*They force her away.*]

CÆSARIO.

Henriquez, to your work!

[Henriquez *enters the vault.*]

AMELROSA.

Oh! barbarous men!
Where ſhall I turn .... Cæſario, dear Cæſario!
Once thou wert kind..... Aid, aid my prayers, ye angels,
And force this cruel man to ſave at once
My huſband's honour, and my father's life!
Turn not away! Look on me! ſee my tears,
And pity me! Friend! huſband! lover! all
That makes life dear, I charge you! I implore you....

HENRIQUEZ. [*Returning from the vault.*]

The train is fired.

AMELROSA. [*Daſhing herſelf on the earth.*]

Barbarians! Fiends! Diſtraction!
Fall, fall, ye vaults, and cruſh me!
[*A bugle horn ſounds,* Amelroſa *ſtarts from the ground.*]
Hark, the ſignal!....
He lives! he lives! [*Kneeling and claſping her hands.*]
Oh, Heaven! my thanks

CÆSARIO.

'Tis done!

[*The mine blows up with a loud exploſion, and the back part of the vault burſts into flames.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The interior of Orſino's *hermitage.*

Alfonſo *is diſcovered ſleeping.*

Enter ORSINO *and* RICARDO.

ORSINO.

COME they in force?

RICARDO.

At leaſt five thouſand ſtrong,
But ſtronger far in loyalty than numbers.
Scarce heard my tale, clamours of rage and pity
Burſt from the crowd, and every peaſant ſwore
He 'd periſh or preſerve that ſovereign's rights,
Who uſed them ever for the poor man's good.

ORSINO.

Honeſt Ricardo! When to ſerve thy King
I judged thee trueſt of the true, I erred not.
The lords to whom I ſent thee, what reception
Found'ſt thou from them?

RICARDO.

Such as almoſt would prove,
Ingratitude is *not* the vice of Courts:
But when I ſaid, Orſino was to head them,
Their zeal, their joy....

ORSINO.

No more.—Are they at hand?

RICARDO.

An hour will bring them here.

ORSINO.

We 'll then tow'rds Burgos,
And ere the ſwarth Caſtilian ſees the ſun
Pour on his rip'ning vines meridian beams,
Cæſario's royal dream ſhall cloſe for ever!
—[*Looking on* Alfonſo.]—He ſleeps!—Oh! come, all ye who envy monarchs,
Look on yon bed of leaves, and thank Heaven's kindneſs!
Which ſaved ye from the ſorrows of a throne.

RICARDO.

My dear, my injured maſter!

ORSINO.

Go, Ricardo,
Watch for our friends; and when from yonder rock
Thou ſee'ſt their forces, warn me. [*Exit* Ricardo.

ORSINO. [*To* Alfonſo.]

Canſt thou ſleep,
And ſleep thus ſoundly on ſo rude a pallet?
There's many a prince (whoſe couch is ſtrown with roſes,)
Finds their ſweet leaves but ſerve to harbour aſpics:
There's many a conqueror ſtretched on down, who paſſes
The live-long night to woo repoſe in vain,
And view with aching, reſtleſs, fated eyes,
The trophies which nod round his crimſon bed.
But fraud, ambition, treachery, plots, and murder,
In vain would baniſh *his* repoſe, who ſleeps
Watched by his proſpering kingdom's anxious angel,
And lull'd to ſlumber by his people's prayers.
But ſee!—He wakes!—[*Lowering his vizor.*]

ALFONSO.

ALFONSO. [*Waking.*]

Do what thou wilt, Cæſario,
But harm not my poor child!—How now!—Where am I?
—What place.... I ſee it all!—Lo! where he ſtands,
Whoſe well-timed warning ſnatched me from the flames,
And led me hither.—Say, thou dread preſerver,
Myſterious ſtranger, eaſe a father's anguiſh;
How fares it with my child? What news from Burgos?

ORSINO.

Burgos believes thee dead! Cæſario fills
Thy vacant throne....

ALFONSO.

I aſk not of my throne!
My child! Oh! ſay, my child....?

ORSINO.

Is ſafe, is well,
And hopes ere long to ſee her ſire once more
Adorned with regal pomp, and lord of Burgos.

ALFONSO.

Alas! vain hope!

ORSINO.

Not ſo: thy faithful nobles,
By me apprized, now haſte to give thee ſuccour:
Ere night, Cæſario falls! and, piercing his,
Thy juſt revenge ſhall print a mortal wound
On his proud father's heart.

ALFONSO.

His father's?

ORSINO.

Aye!

On

On his, who paid thy love this morn with curſes,
Spurning thy proffered friendſhip—Know'ſt thou not,
Cæſario is Orſino's ſon?

ALFONSO.

Juſt heavens!
And does Orſino love him?

ORSINO.

Dearly, dearly!
Loves him to madneſs! Loves him with like fury,
As hates he thee!—Oh! Glorious field for vengeance!
Think, how 'twill writhe his haughty ſoul to hear,
This ſon, this darling, periſhed on the ſcaffold,
Branded, diſgraced, a traitor, a foiled traitor!
Joy, joy, Alfonſo! Ere 'tis night, thy wrath
Shall gorge itſelf with blood.

ALFONSO.

Now bleſſings on thee,
Who giv'ſt me more than all my foes can take!
Come, come, my friend! where are theſe troops? Away!
Forward to Burgos!

ORSINO. [*Detaining him.*]

Whither now?

ALFONSO.

To Burgos!
Down with the walls! Make once Cæſario mine.....

ORSINO.

And then.....?

ALFONSO.

I'll ſeek his father, graſp his hand,
And ſay,—"This ſtripling ſtole my darling daughter,
"Betrayed

" Betrayed my confidence, uſurped my throne,
" Aimed at my life, and almoſt broke my heart:
" But he 's Orſino's ſon! Orſino loves him,
" And all 's forgiven."——[Orſino *kneels, takes the King's hand, and preſſes it to his lips.*]—How now?

ORSINO. [*Raiſing his vizor.*]

All *is* forgiven!

ALFONSO.

'Tis he!—Orſino's ſelf!

ORSINO.

My pride is vanquiſhed:
My King!——Thy hand, my King!

ALFONSO.

My heart, my heart!
There find thy place, and never leave it more.
Oh! from my joy again to name thee friend,
Judge of my grief to think thou wert my foe!
How *could* I doubt thee? How commit an error
So groſs.....!

ORSINO.

No more! E'en now thou pay'ſt its penance:
In this long chain of preſent woes, that error
(Which ſeems at firſt ſo light) was the firſt link.
It tore me from my ſon: Elſe, reared by me,
Formed in thy Court, and ſchooled by my example,
My ſon muſt ſure have proved thy trueſt ſubject.
Oh! Learn from this, how weighty is the charge,
A monarch bears; how nice a taſk to guide
His power aright, to guide it wrong how fatal!
If ſubjects ſin, with them the crime remains,

With

With them the penance; but when monarchs err,
The miſchief ſpreads ſwift as their kingdom's rivers,
Strong as their power, and wide as their domains.

Enter RICARDO.

ORSINO.

Now, friend?

RICARDO.

From yonder height I caught diſtinctly
The gleam of arms.

ORSINO.

'Tis well—Away, my ſovereign,
And join your troops; then ſhape your march tow'rds Burgos,
Nor doubt the event, for who that loves his Country,
To ſave his King ſhall fear to die himſelf?
None, ſurely none! The patriot-glow ſhall catch
From heart to heart throughout Caſtile, as ſwiftly
As ſparks of fire diſperſe through ſummer-foreſts;
Till all in care of thee forget themſelves,
And every good man's boſom bucklers thine!
Forward, my King!—Lead on! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A chamber in the palace.

Enter HENRIQUEZ *and* MELCHIOR.

MELCHIOR.

And the grave council
Fell blindfold in the ſnare?

HENRIQUEZ.

They could not fail,
So well Cæſario ſpread it—With ſuch art
He told his tale, and in ſuch glowing colours
Painted Alfonſo's worth, and his ſon's guilt,
That all cried vengeance on the Prince Don Pedro,
And bade Cæſario mount his forfeit throne.

MELCHIOR.

And he, no doubt, obeyed?

HENRIQUEZ.

In modeſt guiſe
He owned his union with the Princeſs gave him
Some rights, but vowed, ſo heavy ſeemed its weight,
He feared to wear a Crown, ſo prayed them ſpare him:
Till won by urgent prayer at length he yielded,
And kindly deigned to be a King.

MELCHIOR.

He 's here,
And Bazil with him.

Enter CÆSARIO, *Father* BAZIL, *and Attendants.*

CÆSARIO. [*Entering.*]

Bid her reſt aſſured,
Her King is her firſt ſubject. But, good father,
How bears her health this ſhock? Say, looks ſhe pale?
Does ſhe e'er name.....?

BAZIL.

She bade me lead thee hither,
And claimed my promiſe not to tell thee more
I 'll warn her, thou art here. [*Going.*]

CÆSARIO.

Say too, my heart
Shares every pang of her's; that Crowns are worthleſs
Bought with her tears; that could my prayers, my blood,
Reſtore Alfonſo's life .....

BAZIL.

Hold!—On that ſubject
What thou wouldſt tell her, will come beſt from thee.
[*Exit.*

CÆSARIO.

Ha!—Meant he ..... No! Sure had he known my ſecret,
The monk had canted 'gainſt the guilt of treaſon,
Thundering out ſaint-like curſes!—Vile, vile chance,
Which led the Princeſs ..... Yet what fear I now?
She keeps my ſecret: then ſhe loves me ſtill,
And, loving, muſt forgive me—Hark! I hear her.——
Now, all ye powers of bland perſuaſion, ſhed
Your honey on my lips! Come to my aid,
Ye ſoft memorials of departed pleaſures,
Kind words, fond looks, ſweet tears, and melting kiſſes!
Sighs of compaſſion, drown her anger's voice!
Smooth ye her frown, ſmiles of delight and love!
Make her but mine once more, and this day crowns me
Monarch of all my ſoul e'er wiſhed from fate:
Yes, in my wildeſt dreams I aſked but this,
"Love and Revenge! A Throne and Amelroſa!"—
Retire!—I dread to meet her.
[Henriquez, *&c. Exeunt.*

AMELROSA.

AMELROSA *enters, pale, and leaning on Father* BAZIL.—ESTELLA, INIS, *and Ladies, follow weeping.*

AMELROSA.

'Tis enough,
Good Father, and one task performed, I 'll meet
That hour with joy which seems to guilt so fearful.
Leave me awhile: Anon, if time allows it,
We 'll talk again——Farewell, my friends.

INIS. [*Kneeling.*]

Oh! Princess!
Oh! Royal victim!

AMELROSA.

Nay, be calm, my Inis.
Pass a few years, and all had been as now,
Perhaps far worse: receive this kiss of pardon,
And give it back in Heaven!——Farewell!

[*Exeunt* Estella, *&c.*

Manent CÆSARIO *and* AMELROSA.

CÆSARIO.

How grief
Has changed her! Ah! how sunk her eyes! her cheeks
How pale!—She comes!—How shall I bear her anguish!

AMELROSA.

Not to reproach, for that you sought a life,
Which you well knew I prized above my own;
Not to complain, that when my heart reposed
On you for all its earthly joys, you broke it,

I ſeek you now: but with true zeal I come
To warn thee, yea with tears implore thee, turn
From thoſe moſt dangerous paths, which now thou tread'ſt.
Oh! wake, my huſband! Cloſe thy guilty dream;
Be juſt, be good! be what till now I thought thee!
That when we part (as ere two hours we muſt)
We may not part for ever.

CÆSARIO.

How to anſwer,
Or in what words excuſe.....! Could my beſt blood
Waſh out thy knowledge of my fault.....

AMELROSA.

My knowledge?
And ſay, on earth *none* knew it! Say, thy crime
To eye of man were viewleſs as the winds,
And ſecret as the laws which rule the dead:
Could'ſt hide it from thyſelf?—Would not *He* know it,
Whoſe knowledge more than all thou ought to dread,
His, who knows all things?—Oh! ſhort-ſighted mortals!
Oh! vain precautions! Oh! mis-judging ſenſe!
Man thinks his ſecret ſafe, for no ear heard it!
Man thinks his act unknown, for no eye ſaw it!
But there was One above both ſaw and heard,
When neither ear could hear, nor eye could ſee.

CÆSARIO.

Thou lovely moraliſt!—Oh! take me! ſchool me!
Mould thou my heart, and make it like thine own.

AMELROSA.

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AMELROSA.

Doſt thou ſpeak truth?

CÆSARIO.

Be that one act forgiven,
And prove.....

AMELROSA.

Oh! That were light: As yet thou 'rt guilty
In thought alone: My father lives!

CÆSARIO.

Indeed!

AMELROSA.

He ſtarts!—He feigned!—Oh! for Heaven's love, my huſband,
Trifle not now! This hour is precious, precious!
My ſoul is winged for Heaven, and ſtays its flight,
In hopes of teaching thine the way to follow:
Let not its ſtay be vain! Let my tears win thee,
And turn from vice: Repent! Be wiſe, be warned;
For 'tis no idle voice that gives the warning;
I ſpeak it from the grave!

CÆSARIO.

The grave?

AMELROSA.

What fear'ſt thou?
Why ſhudder at a name?—Oh! If thou needs
Wilt tremble, tremble for thyſelf, not me.
I die to live; thy death may be for ever!
Short are my pangs; thy ſoul's may be eternal!

CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Die?—Die!—Each word . . . Each look . . . . . Dreadful ſuſpicions . . . . . .

But no! It cannot, ſhall not be!

AMELROSA.

It ſhall not?

As I 've a ſoul, in one ſhort hour, Cæſario,

That ſoul muſt kneel before the throne of God.

CÆSARIO.

Mean'ſt thou . . . . . .

AMELROSA.

E'en ſo; I 'm poiſoned!

CÆSARIO.

Torture! Madneſs!

Within there!

Re-enter Father BAZIL, ESTELLA, *&c.*

CÆSARIO.

Help, Oh! help! The Princeſs dies!

I 'll ſpeed myſelf . . . . . .

AMELROSA. [*Detaining him.*]

No, no, thou muſt not leave me:

My hour of death is near, and thou muſt ſee it . . . .

CÆSARIO.

Diſtraction!

AMELROSA.

Muſt obſerve, how calm the tranſit,

How light the pain, how free death's cup from bitter,

When virtue ſoothes, and hope exalts the ſoul.

I 've ſeen a ſinner die; Laſt night I cloſed
Ottilia's lids, and 'twas a ſight of horror!
Each limb, each nerve was writhed by ſtrange convulſions,
Clenched were her teeth, her eye-balls fixed and glaring;
She foamed, ſhe raved, and her laſt words were curſes!——
But look, Cæſario!—*I* can die, and ſmile!

[*Sinks into* Eſtella's *arms.*

CÆSARIO. [*In deſpair.*]

My life!—My ſoul!——

AMELROSA. [*In a faint voice.*]

But while one moment 's mine,
By all thy vows of love, by thoſe *I* breathed,
And never broke through life, never, no, never,
I charge thee, I conjure thee.....

[*Starting ſuddenly forward.*

Powers of mercy,
Whence this ſo glorious blaze?

CÆSARIO.

How her eyes ſparkle!

AMELROSA.

Look, friends! Look, look!—My mother, my dear mother,
Rich in new youth, and bright in laſting beauty!
She floats in air; her limbs are clothed with light!
Her angel-head is wreathed with Eden's roſes!
Heaven's ſplendours rove amid her golden locks,
While her bleſt lips and radiant eyes pour round her
Airs of delight and floods of placid glory!

She

She moves!—She ſmiles!—She lifts her hand!—She beckons!
World, fare thee well!—Mother, lead on!—I follow!

[*Exit with* Eſtella, *&c.*

CÆSARIO. [*Alone.*]

My brain! my brain!—Oh! I ne'er knew till now,
How well I loved her!——[*Following her.*]

Enter HENRIQUEZ.

HENRIQUEZ.

Turn, Cæſario, turn!
We're loſt! Alfonſo lives; e'en now his troops
Aſſail our walls.

CÆSARIO.

Confuſion! Is all Hell
Combined.....

Enter MELCHIOR.

MELCHIOR.

Betrayed, betrayed! The gates are opened;
The townſmen join our foes; I ſaw the King
Firſt in the fight.....

CÆSARIO.

The King?—My brain is burning;
I'll cool it with his blood.—Forth, forth, my ſword:
Forth, nor be ſheathed till I return thee dyed
With royal gore—Away!

[*Exeunt* Henriquez *and* Melchior; Cæſario *is following, when* Amelroſa *ſhrieks from within: he ſtops, and remains motionleſs.*]

AMELROSA. [*Within.*]

Oh! Mercy, mercy!

INIS. [*Within.*]

She dies!

ESTELLA.

ESTELLA. [*Within.*]

Nay, hold her! hold her down!

AMELROSA. [*Within.*]

Oh!—Oh!

[*Solemn requiem chaunted within.*]

Peace to the parted ſaint! Pure ſoul, farewell!

[*The ſcene cloſes.*]

SCENE III.

A field of battle—alarums—thunder and lightning.

Soldiers croſs the ſtage fighting.

Enter ORSINO.

ORSINO.

Oh! ſhame, ſhame, ſhame!—Sun, thou doſt well to hide thee,
Nor light Caſtile's diſgrace.—Oh! I could tear
My fleſh for rage!

Enter RICARDO.

RICARDO.

All's loſt!—the foe prevails!
What muſt be done, Orſino?

ORSINO.

Where's the King?

RICARDO.

He fights ſtill.

ORSINO.

Seek him! ſave him! bid him fly,
Fly with all ſpeed: thou know'ſt to find his courſer.
Away!

RICARDO.

General, thou 'rt wounded!

ORSINO.

'Tis no matter.

RICARDO.

Thou 'lt bleed to death . . . . .

ORSINO.

And if I ſhould, I care not:
The King, the King!—Oh! waſte no thought on me:
The beſt of ſubjects can but loſe one life,
But thouſands periſh when a good King bleeds.
Nay, ſpeed!

RICARDO. [*Looking out.*]

See! ſee! Our troops . . . . .

ORSINO.

They fly, by Heaven!
Turn, turn, ye cowards! 'Tis Orſino calls!
Follow, ſlaves, follow me, and die, or conquer!
[*Soldiers enter purſued by* Henriquez, *&c.* Orſino *rallies them, and drives* Henriquez *back.*]

SCENE IV.

Before the walls of Burgos.—The ſtorm continues.

Enter CÆSARIO.

CÆSARIO.

Shall I ne'er find him? Shall my mother's ſpirit
Still aſk revenge in vain? This flame, which burn
My blood up, ſhall it ne'er be quench'd with his?
'Tis he! 'tis he!—I ſee the high plume waving
O'er his crowned helmet:—Thunders, ceaſe, nor rob me
Of his expiring ſhriek!—Turn, turn, Alfonſo! [*Exit.*
[*Shouts of victory.*]

Enter

Enter HENRIQUEZ, MELCHIOR, MARCOS, GOMEZ, *and Soldiers.*

HENRIQUEZ.

We triumph, Melchior!—See our truſty ſquadrons
Range the field unoppoſed. But where's our chief?

MARCOS.

How now! what clamour.....

MELCHIOR.

Look, Henriquez, look!
Cæſario and the King in ſingle combat!

HENRIQUEZ.

They come this way!—Hark, with their ponderous blows
How their ſhields ring!—Cæſario loſes ground!
Yield thee, Alfonſo!—[*Interpoſing between* Alfonſo *and* Cæſario, *who enter fighting.*

CÆSARIO.

Back, I ſay! Back, back!
No arm but mine.....

ALFONSO.

Cæſario, pauſe, and hear me!
Whate'er thou wilt.....

CÆSARIO.

Thy life!

ALFONSO.

Medina's dukedom,
And Amelroſa.....

CÆSARIO.

Flames conſume the tongue,
That names her! Thou haſt rent my wound anew,

Recalling what was mine, but is no longer!
Look to thy heart, for, if my ſword can reach it,
Thou dieſt!—Come on!—[*They fight;* Alfonſo *loſes his ſword, and is beaten on his knees.*]

CÆSARIO.

Thou'rt mine!—and thus.....

[*At the moment that he motions to ſtab* Alfonſo, Orſino, *without his helmet, deadly pale, and bleeding profuſely, ruſhes in, and arreſts his arm.*]

ORSINO.

Hold! hold! *

CÆSARIO.

My father bleeding! Horror!

ORSINO.

Does that pain thee?
Oh! by this blood, (a father's blood, the ſame
Which fills thy veins, and feeds thy life) I charge thee,
Shed not thy King's.

CÆSARIO.

Father, thy prayers are vain!
He broke my mother's heart! his own muſt bleed for't!
Releaſe my arm!

ORSINO.

My ſon, I kiſs thy feet:

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Thy

Thy father kneels; let him not kneel in vain.
——Nay, if thou ſtirr'ſt, my deadlieſt curſe .....

CÆSARIO.

'Twill grieve me,
But yet e'en that I 'll brave :—Curſe; ſtill I'll ſtrike!
No more!

ORSINO.

Can nought appeaſe thee .....?

CÆSARIO.

Nothing! nothing!

ALFONSO.

Nay, ceaſe, Orſino: 'tis in vain .....

CÆSARIO.

True, true!
This to thy heart.

ORSINO.

Oh! yet arreſt thy ſword!
My ſon .....

CÆSARIO.

He dies!

ORSINO.

One word! But one!

CÆSARIO.

Diſpatch then!

ORSINO.

Swear, ere you ſtrike the blow, if ſtill your power
Anſwers your will, as now it does, the King
Has not an hour to live!

CÆSARIO.

An hour?—An age!
Thrones ſhall not buy that hour.—By Hell, I ſwear,
Alfonſo breathes his laſt, if fate allows me
To live one moment more!

ORSINO. [*Stabbing him.*]

Then die this moment.

CÆSARIO.

My heart! my heart!—Oh! oh!

[*Falls lifeless at* Orsino's *feet.*]

ALFONSO.

What hast thou done?

ORSINO.

Preserved Castile in thee!

MELCHIOR.

Hew him to pieces!

HENRIQUEZ.

Monster, thy son.....

ORSINO.

He was so; yet I slew him.
Think ye, I loved him not?—Oh! Heaven, the blood
My breast now pours, gives me not half such pain
As that which stains this poniard: yet I slew him,
I, I his father!——And as I with him,
So, traitors, shall *your* Father deal with ye,
Your Father who frowns yonder.—[*Thunder.*]—Hark!
He speaks!
The avenger speaks, and stretches from the clouds
His red right-arm.—See, see! His javelins fly,
And fly to strike you dead!—While yet 'tis time,
Down, rebels, down!—Tremble, repent, and tremble!
Fall at your sovereign's feet, and sue for grace!

[*The Conspirators sink on their knees.*]

ALFONSO.

Oh! Soul of Honour!—Oh! my full, full heart!
Orsino! Friend!——

ORSINO.

ORSINO.

No more!—Thy hand!—Farewell.
Life ebbs apace—Oh! lay me by my ſon,
That I may bleſs him, ere I die—Pale, pale!
No warmth!—No ſenſe!—Not one convulſive throb!
Not one laſt lingering breath on thoſe wan lips!
All gone! All, all!—So fair, ſo young! to die
Was hard, moſt hard! Canſt thou forgive thy father,
Canſt thou, my boy? He loved thee dearly, dearly,
And would to ſave thy life have died himſelf,
Though he had rather ſee thee dead than guilty.
My ſand runs faſt.—Oh! I am ſick at ſoul!
I 'll breathe my laſt ſigh on my ſon's cold lips,
Claſp his dead hand in mine, and lay my heart
Cloſe to his gaping wound, that it may break
'Gainſt his dear breaſt.—My eyes grow faint and clouded.
I ſee thy face no more, my boy, but ſtill
Feel thy blood trickle!—Oh! that pang, that pang!
'Tis done—All 's dark!—My ſon, my ſon, my ſon!

[*Dies.*

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

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